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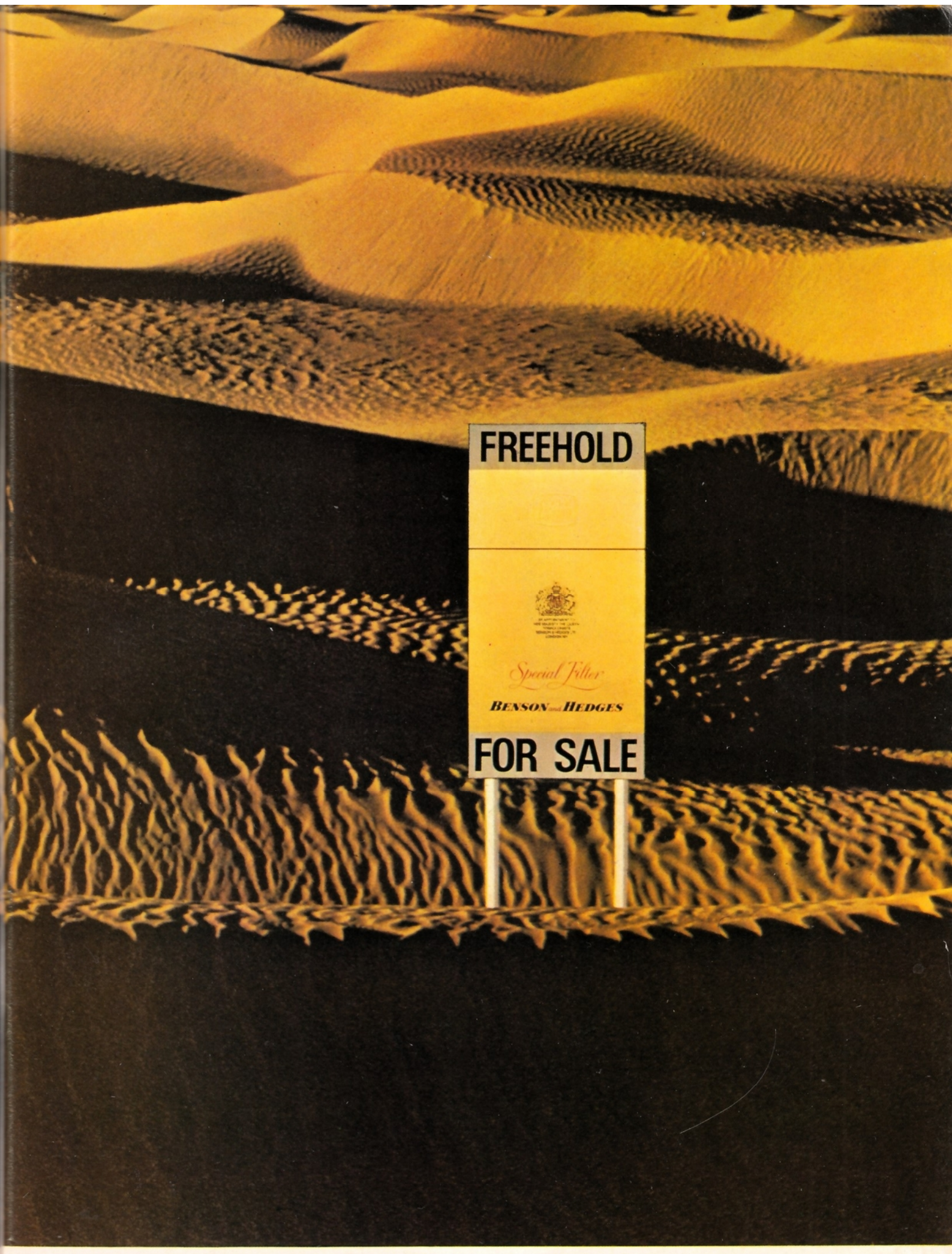

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SCENE

Have you sent off your coupon for two free Henri Wintermans Half Corona cigars? Page 39 contains all the details and, even with a grand total of 100,000 free cigars on offer, *Mayfair's* large circulation will ensure they are all snapped up very quickly indeed. The offer is unique to *Mayfair* and, it's believed, unprecedented in tobacco marketing. 'It's really a new form of sampling,' explained Adrian Piotrowski, a marketing manager with Imperial Tobacco who import the Henri Wintermans cigars. 'We could have simply handed out the cigars to smokers in shops but we decided that *Mayfair's* large readership is almost exactly the market we are aiming for. So it's really the most cost-effective method of reaching the right type of smoker we could imagine.

The idea appealed to us not only because it's always been our policy to give you that little bit extra for your money, but also because the product on offer is a particularly good one. Henri Wintermans are Britain's best selling imported cigars – accounting for one in eight of every cigar lit. And the Half Corona itself has been steadily growing in popularity as a mild-flavoured, high quality cigar, since it was introduced in 1954. And don't forget that with your free cigars comes details of how to obtain a free miniature of Bisquit cognac, one of Britain's top marques of brandy.

Browsing through a review copy of Len Deighton and Arnold Schwartzman's *Airshipwreck* (Jonathan Cape £4.95) – a collection of spectacular photographs of airship disasters of the twenties and thirties – prompted *Mayfair's* fiction editor, Gerald Cole, to delve a little deeper into the story of those magnificent flying machines. The result, 'Short-lived Leviathans: the ill-fated history of the airship', you can read on page 36. 'Flying has always fascinated me,' he says, 'but being strapped into a pressurised Jumbo with only a miniscule view of the outside never seemed to me to have much to do with it. On airships like the *Graf Zeppelin* you could sit at a proper dinner table, sipping cocktails and watching the ground unroll beneath you at a steady 70 miles an hour. They flew so quietly passengers could hear dogs barking at 500 feet. But the most astonishing thing about them was their sheer size. Imagine an object as large as a 50-storey office block floating above your head yet being literally lighter than a feather. It was like something out of a dream.'

The dream may be a lot closer to reality with a recently announced project based at a disused London dock. Airfloat Transport Ltd have just received planning permission for an airship terminal to be built at the west end of the London Dock close to Tower Bridge. The company are planning to make short-haul international flights carrying up to 70 passengers in a 250-feet long airship which will fly at up to 90 miles an hour.

'Although that may sound slow,' claims managing director Bernard Hughes, 'the airship would travel from the heart of one city to the heart of another – London to Paris, for instance, in two hours twenty minutes.'

No definite plans have been fixed for the start of the service, but Airfloat have permission to use the dock until November 1980. If their machines get off the ground it will be the world's first commercial airship service since the Zeppelin company's *Hindenburg* crashed in flames in 1937 and effectively ended airship travel.

And positively the last word on graffiti: a reader spotted an old news-stand bill announcing the death of John Wayne: THE DUKE IS DEAD. Underneath some wit had scrawled: *The hell I am!*

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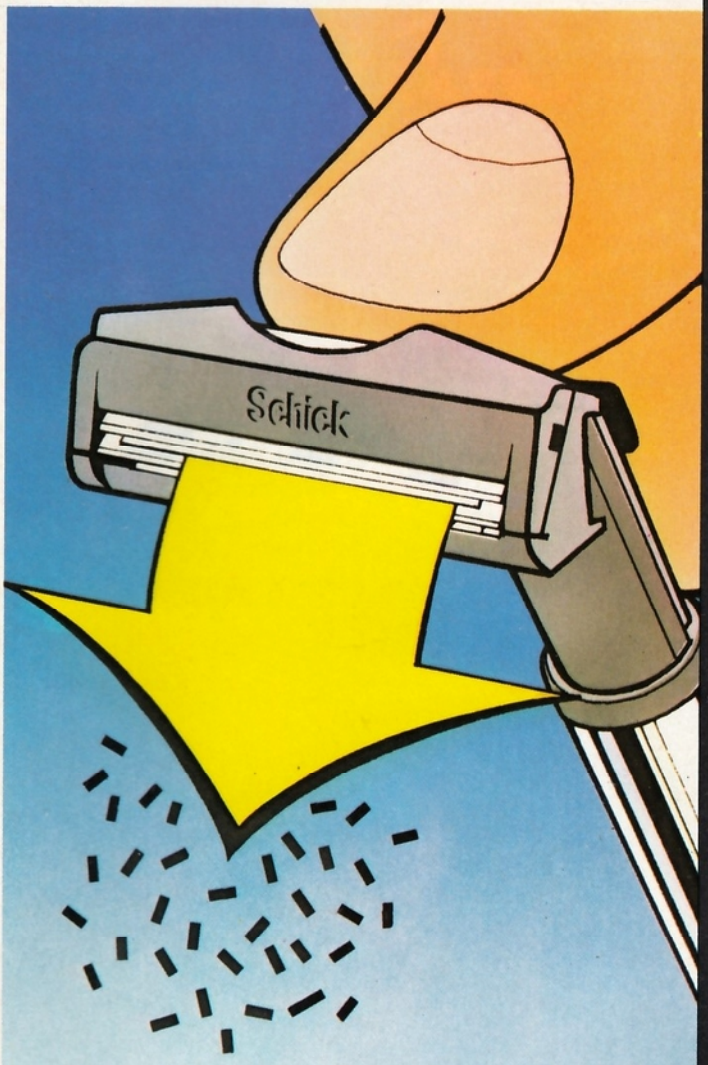

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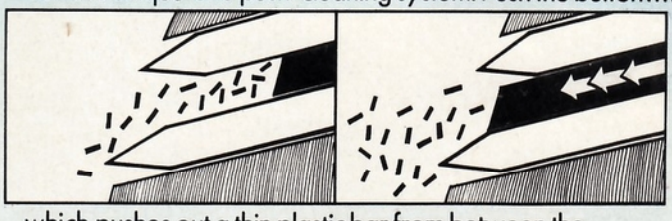

....which pushes out a thin plastic bar from between the twin blades, and that pushes out the stubble.

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

May I offer a suggestion for increasing circulation of your publication?
In certain advertisements and on some greeting and post cards where the perfume is of some importance, a small impregnated patch of the appropriate odour is set on the picture. The odour is released by scratching the thumb or finger nail across the patch.
My suggestion is that you could have models photographed in a boudoir or countryside and allow your readers to avail themselves of the highly scented room or the fresh smell of outdoors by incorporating the appropriate scent next to the picture.
One never knows, you may even photograph one or two girls on a fishing trawler.
D H, Wigtownshire

I read with interest your article on parascending in Vol 14 No 4, but would draw your attention to one error. You said that the towline is clipped to your waist. As shown clearly in two of the photographs, the towline yoke is clipped to a pair of D rings on the risers just above the capwells where the parachute is joined to the harness.
This ensures that no strain is taken by the harness or occupant under tow.
Some other points you missed included the safety aspect. In five years of parascending with a club in Coventry, now defunct, only two injuries occurred: a sprained ankle due to one of the launch marshals putting his foot down a rabbit hole and a cracked collar bone incurred by one of our pupils while practising landing rolls on the ground.
In the air, safety is of paramount importance and is rigidly enforced. Parascending is inherently safe because your parachute is open before you leave the ground and once airborne is virtually impossible to collapse.
Also the conventional parachutes like the paracommander will fly themselves quite safely. In general the wing-type parachutes are used by experienced parascenders only.
Lastly you didn't mention anything about manoeuvering the parachute on the descent, like turns, stalls, spins and target approaches. Many thanks for shedding some publicity on our sport and providing a well-balanced, tasteful publication.
T D N, Manchester

I am a student of French and my boyfriends regularly read your magazine. I would like to say on their behalf that your pictures are 'très bon.' But they all agree that they'd like to see more shaven girls appearing. I myself am shaven, but not open to offers.
I like the underwear worn by Cora in Vol 14 No 3 and the outfit so well displayed by Adele in Vol 14 No 4. These are very erotic and many more of your girls should wear these. I would like to wear them myself but I fancy they would be rather expensive.
Miss S B, Orpington

In a recent issue I was delighted to see the pictorial feature on Maria, photographed by Stephen Oliver, in which the girl is shown wearing white tennis shoes and socks. While you cater amply to high-heel, stiletto-heel, socks and boot fetishists, not to mention undie fetishists, there is hardly anything for those who enjoy seeing sexy girls in rubber and canvas footwear.
People like me would be extremely thankful if your mag could give an equal share of space for pics of your models in various types of rubber and canvas footwear like wellingtons, gumboots, tennis shoes of various types and long white tennis socks.
D P, Bombay, India

The account by Miss A M (Vol 14 No 4) of her Christmas present to Rob ranks right up there with the most exciting letters ever published by you or any other magazine.
The girl deserves applause from all of us for her spirit. There was only one thing missing: a picture of Miss A M in her red basque. It's still not too late, *Mayfair*, at least for those of us who carefully preserve past issues. See what you can do.
F M, Geneva, Switzerland

I must congratulate you on the high standard of your magazine. I have been a regular reader since 1975 and I must say that each issue seems to be better than the previous one. One question, though. When are you going to make another of your erotic film series? I am the proud owner of all six of your films and I have been patiently awaiting the seventh as I am sure a lot of other readers have.
May I suggest you make a film of a pretty girl taking a bath or a shower. She could start off by running the bath and then slowly take off her clothes. Then she steps into the bath and starts lathering her body with soap. After that she could stand up and let the lather run down her shiny wet body.
May I further suggest that you try to persuade Carina Miles (Vol 10 No 10), Melanie Porter (Vol 12 No 3) or Jane Hazeldean (Vol 13 No 6) to do the film. Preferably I would like to see Carina do it as she is so small and cuddly.
Failing this, how about a few more sets like Teri in the tub

turn to page 106

KATRINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFF KAINE

Schumann's Piano Concerto in A wafts melodiously from Katrina Powell's high-powered Tannoy speakers, filling her neat Chiswick pied à terre with a quiet sophistication in marked contrast to the strains of Ian Dury and the Blockheads intermittently audible from the flat below. 'I absolutely adore Ashkenazy: he's a trifle brusque for many, but for me he's perfection. To me he's very reminiscent of the great Horowitz? Don't you think?' When not listening to her favourite classical recordings, Katrina, who spends her days behind the counter of a London building society office, can usually be spotted flitting between the Royal Albert and Festival Halls and the Fairfield Halls in Croydon. 'I was brought up on piano music – my father was a teacher, and it's something which has always been part of my life. At work I'm known as a culture vulture.'

Katrina – 'I was named after David Balfour's girlfriend, Catriona in *Kidnapped* – admits that her classical cravings cost her dearly in boyfriends. 'They are usually all right for the first couple of concerts,' admits 20-year-old Katrina, 'but most tend to think I'm round the twist. One day I'll find someone who shares my tastes and then we will make beautiful music together.' She grins and stifles a giggle, her pert breasts gently jiggling. 'Alas,' sighs 36-24-35 Katrina, 'they don't know what they are missing. Music is not the only thing I can get passionate about. I like flirting too. I can't wear tights so I always wear stockings – that's a favourite male fantasy isn't it? And once I even took a shower fully clothed for a boy. He said he liked wet clothing. It was so erotic.' We know, Katrina.

The girl was blonde, pink, full-breasted and quite obviously virginal. Her seduction would be a long, careful progress, but not even he foresaw its ending

AN ACADEMIC PURSUIT

Fiction by Mike Fenton

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN CRACKNELL

'If I had fifty thousand pounds,' said Mr Prescott-Potter.
'If I had fifty thousand pounds, my wickedness would pass all bounds;
'My God, I'd be a rotter'.

I hummed the old song while straightening up my tie. In the dusty glass I could see the reflection of the girl, Jenny, sitting on the edge of the divan. We hadn't done it. Some time was to go by before that happened. Meanwhile the past hour had brought us a stage or two further along that road.

I squatted on the rug at her feet. 'Time I was going,' I said.

'Will you come and see me again tomorrow?' In her flowered summer dress she seemed more schoolgirlish than ever.

'Yes, of course. Same time'.

'You're sure it's alright for you to come here?'

'Why not? I'm not a lecturer'.

I kissed her and went out, thinking what a dump Evenlode Hall was, more like a workhouse than a girls' college.

I drove back across the city to the flat in Ifield Road, where I'd lived with Helen for all but the first month of my release year, the time it had taken us to meet and come together. It was an uncomplicated arrangement, without ties.

Helen appeared, dressed in the dark blue trouser-suit she usually wore during the day, her red hair tied back in a scarf. She said nothing. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Why are we going in here?' ('Here' was the bathroom).

'Because I want you to make love to me,' Helen replied. 'I want you. Can't you understand the signs or have I got to spell it out? I want you to . . .'

I shut Helen up by pushing her against the wall and kissing her while pulling her trousers down, pants and all, over her small neat bottom and shaved pubic mound. Still kissing her I found the way in between the wet lips and rammed into her till the saw-cuts of her breathing rose to a crescendo, paused for a second and were normal again. She was always quick.

We had a shower together and cooled off.

We ate. 'What's your evening programme?' I asked. 'Feel like going out somewhere, like the *'Perch'* at Ifield?'

'No use. I'm studying again. Today's seminar class was a waste of time'.

I was in a privileged position, compared to Helen. She was no different from hundreds of other postgraduates, of no particular standing, and supported – till I arrived on the scene – on a grant which for practical purposes meant the breadline. Five years' continuous grinding work might, perhaps, result in Helen's emergence, in brief, butterfly-like splendour, as 'Doctor'. If, as she hoped, this led on to a lecturer's post, it still wouldn't put her in millionaire's row.

My case was utterly different! For years, since nationalisation, the industry that employed me had been pouring finances into the Faculty to which I was now attached. The university, as if in gratitude to the industry, virtually guaranteed my PhD at the end of the year, provided I didn't pinch the funds or set the place alight.

The company paid my full salary, kept my job open, and hinted that my prospects of a directorship would be very much greater as the bright boy just out of college.

Dinner finished, Helen slipped down to the labs while I settled down with some books. Much later, as we lay in bed, Helen suddenly came out with:

'You've got someone lined up, haven't you?'

'Yes, as a matter of fact, I have'.

'What a bastard you are. Who is she?'

'First year history student. One of the Evenlode Hall bunch. How do you know?'

'I just guessed. Female intuition'.

'The other female in the case hasn't enough of that to guess what a bastard I am. I rather think she likes me'.

'Poor little fool. Have you done it with her yet?'

'No, not yet'.

'Shall you?'

'Oh, I expect so'.

Helen looked me directly in the eyes and broke into a laugh. 'I ought to loathe you,' she said. 'Instead of which I'm shacking up with you'.

'Yes, why do you?'

'You know bloody well I can't help it'. She put her arms out. 'I've still got my diaphragm in. Do you want to waste it?'

'Feel me'.

We didn't waste it.

At the time that Helen had her flash of intuition, the Jenny affair was already a fortnight old. The unromantic car park and cycle sheds of the lecture theatre block

EASY RIDE
ALAN CRACKNELL

was where it began. More precisely in a small part of it. The car park was screened, in theory, from the garden by a thorn hedge. In practice a gap had been made to provide a short cut.

Just then, the gap was framing a pair of female legs. The owner had been wearing a calf-length button-through skirt and this, after catching on the thorns and being tugged at to release it, was no longer button-through at all. They were very nice legs, visible above the tops of the girl's stockings to where a pair of pink briefs with a frill round the legs covered her more intimate attractions.

It would have ended there, probably, except that after getting free and doing her skirt up, the girl had problems with her bike-chain. I got a spanner and rag from the boot of my car and went over.

She was a short girl, not plump though big-bosomed and wide-hipped. Her blonde hair was cut short, her complexion as pink-and-white as her legs had been. She had a schoolgirlish air; no doubt because a few weeks earlier that was what she had been. She was duly grateful when I fixed her bike chain so I moved in. No, she wasn't busy tomorrow afternoon, and yes, she'd love to come out to tea by the river at Marley. I'd meet her at Evenlode Hall, that'd be lovely. As an afterthought she told me her name and room number.

As she cycled away, commoner's gown fluttering, I got a sudden vision of those thighs – a sheer hallucination but one which gave me a sudden violent erection. Helen gave me all the sex I wanted, but this one had to go up Jenny's vagina, however long it took to get it there.

I collected Jenny next afternoon and headed out of the city. Once past the limit I stuck my foot down, and we sailed up the long slope of the London road. Jenny was visibly impressed. She was desperately trying not to appear naive; she told me about her home in Sheffield, her parents, her young brother still at school, her pony. We dropped down through the beech woods and into Marley where the same teashop I'd been coming to for years was still in business. Over tea, I let Jenny tell me more about herself.

It was the sequel to the tea that made me suspect for a time that Helen had used a more direct sense than intuition to guess I'd got a girl in tow. I'd left the main road and driven down one of the woodland rides and there tried a frontal attack, taking Jenny in my arms and kissing her full on the mouth. She hadn't had much practice, it seemed, but picked things up fast enough to agree when I said that the back parcel shelf needed tidying.

Sprawling there in the back seat I kissed her some more, while her knees peeped at me under the hem of her summer dress. I put my hand on one, then slid it under the material. Her blue eyes looked appealingly into mine.

'Don't'.

I took my hand away but put it back after a while. This time she didn't protest, even when I slid it as far up as possible, over the top of her stocking to where her thighs met in soft descending curves and a warm, nylon-sheathed swelling, like a peach to touch. I cupped my hand over the slippery nylon and kissed her harder.

Two of my fingers caressed the peach, pressed into the top of the cleft. There was no more to be done, because her thighs stayed locked together. But that was enough, to get used to a man's hand up her skirt and on her sex in one afternoon. With a final kiss I called it a day and took her back to Evenlode Hall.

She gave me coffee in her room, next afternoon. 'What shall we do now?' I asked as she put her cup down.

'Kiss me, I like it when you kiss me'.

So we'd moved to her divan and carrying on where I'd left off, I soon had my hand up her skirt, up to her bare thighs.

'Don't do that'.

'Why not?'

'Just don't. It makes me feel . . . strange'.

But just like the previous day she didn't stop me from going back again after a little while. Different briefs today. These had a plain front, narrower too. I didn't try getting under them, but learned something else. She really was very hairy there, curls escaping everywhere. Gently my hand moved over the mound. Every girl likes having her thighs stroked, her sex too. This one proved the rule. It was a nice way to

turn to page 35

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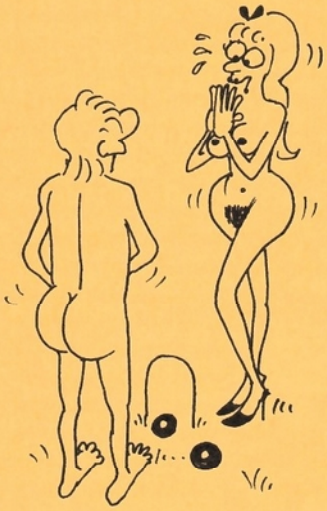
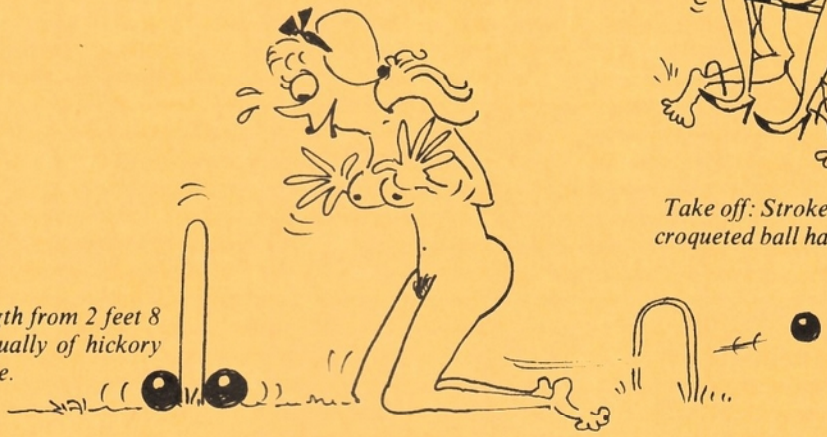
CROQUET RULES OKAY?

Our ribald cartoonist,
Peter Maddocks, presents his
guide to basic croquet



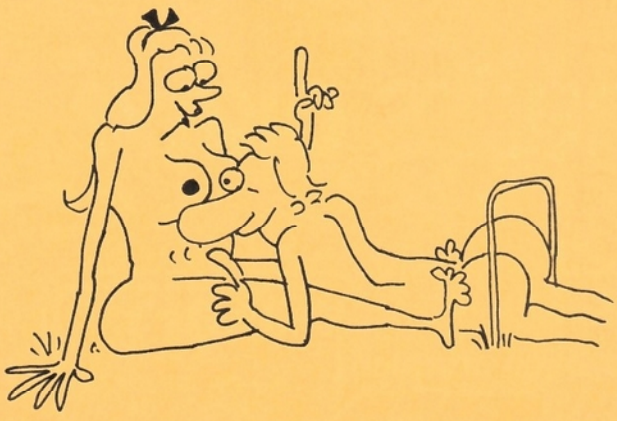
Mallet: Wooden implement varying in length from 2 feet 8 inches to 3 feet 4 inches. The shaft is usually of hickory and the head, round or square.



Peg: 1½ inches in diameter and projecting 18 inches above ground.

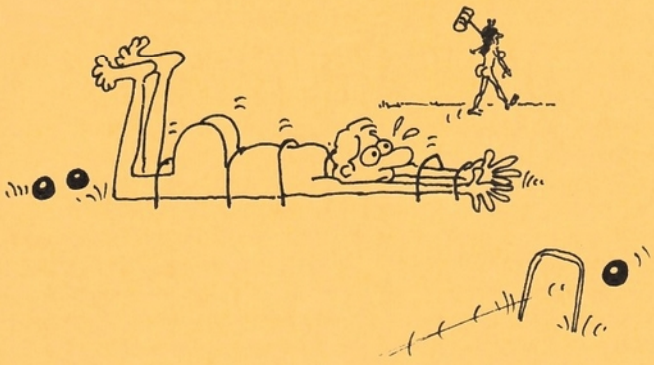
Take off: Stroke in which a croqueted ball hardly moves.

Dead boundary: Area outside the boundary-lines. A player loses the rest of his turn if in croqueting he hits either ball over the line.



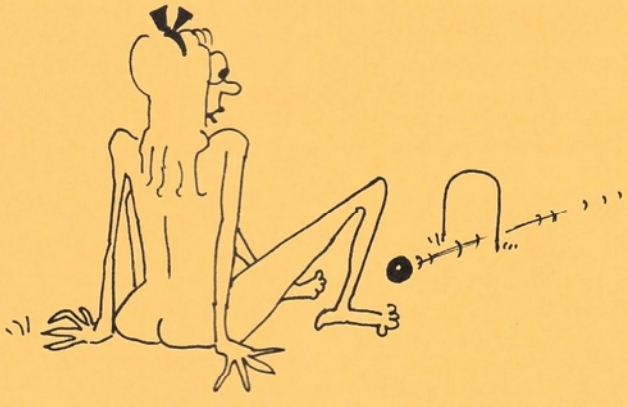
Corner spot: One of four spots on lawn, 1 yard from corner pegs.

Tice: Ball played, usually from balk, with intention of enticing the opponent to aim at it and miss.

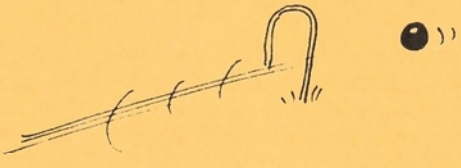


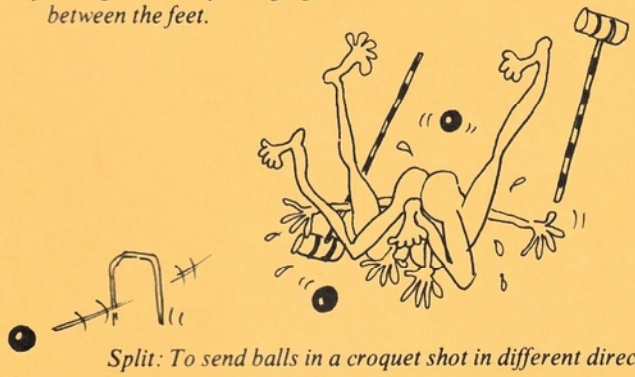
Clip: One of four coloured plates placed on a hoop: each is removed when a ball of the same colour has run the hoop.

Fault: To hit the ball with any part of the mallet but the end face.

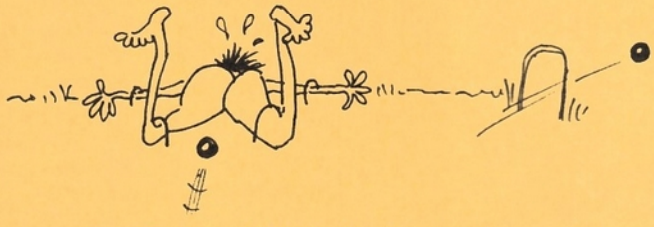


Centre play: Style of hitting the ball by swinging the mallet between the feet.

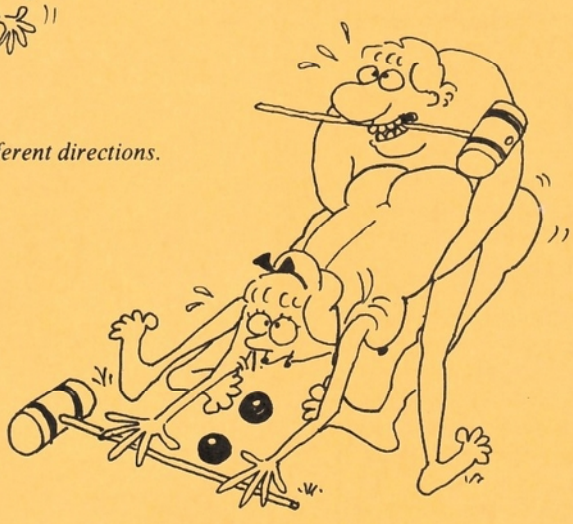




Split: To send balls in a croquet shot in different directions.



Wired: Position of a ball when it is placed near a peg or hoop and cannot be hit by another ball.



Backward ball: Ball which has not made as many hoops as a side's other ball.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Although I must admit I wasn't a great fan of new wave music when the cult started a couple of years back, I have to own up to the fact that I'm reluctantly becoming a convert. A few months back I waxed eloquent in praise of Elvis Costello's *Armed Forces*: now I'm similarly enthusiastic about Dire Straits, whose album, simply called **Dire Straits,** is on Vertigo. The band is a four-piece outfit hailing from the wilds of south-east London and, for me, their music can best be described as having shades of J J Cale and Cockney Rebel – which is a pretty reasonable pedigree. Of the rather stingy ration of nine tracks, *Sultans of Swing* got into the singles charts recently, while I can also recommend the album's opener *Down to the Waterline.*

A leading contender for the Peter Hopkin 'Album of the Year' nomination in a couple of months time is sure to be **Hearts of Stone** (Epic) by one of my favourite American bands – Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes. The title track, penned by Bruce Springsteen, is an absolute gem – indeed one would be churlish *in extremis* to say anything at all unkind about an album which provides the happiest combination of alternately searing and moody brass, plus powerful vocals that I've heard in a long while. With Chicago in (hopefully) temporary limbo following the sad death of Terry Kath, perhaps the continuing improvement of Johnny and the Jukes could fill the gap in the jazz-rock scene.

From the heaviest of bands Aerosmith comes **Live Bootleg** (CBS) – a slightly misleading title, for although the album is a live recording, illegal – as the term 'bootleg' implies – it certainly isn't. The compilation is in fact a two-record set, which is probably guaranteed to result in temporary deafness if you, like me, like listening to music wearing headphones and with the volume turned up as loud as it will go. Aerosmith's simple, yet potent, appeal lies in the heavy use of riffs à la Status Quo, but with the kind of punch that makes the latter sound positively feeble. The album rolls along in majestic style, upset only by a jazz-orientated track called *Mother Popcorn* that's a bit out of place among all the heavy metal, and finishes in truly bizarre fashion with a rendition of *Strangers In The Night.* If Frank Sinatra were dead, it would make him turn in his grave.

Altogether more gentle and easy on the ear is Phoebe Snow's **Against The Grain** (CBS), which is the music of which late romantic nights are made. Paul McCartney's *Every Night* kicks off the album's ten tracks – an ideal choice for Ms Snow's rich and varied voice. Once you've established your mood with this album, you might care to follow it with Nina Simone's **Pure Gold** (RCA), a magnificent eleven-track compilation of one of my favourite female singer's greatest hits – from *Ain't Got No* from the musical *Hair* through Dylan's *The Times They Are A-Changin',* to George and Ira Gershwin's classically beautiful love song *I Loves You Porgy* from the musical *Porgy and Bess.* If the combined talents of Phoebe Snow and Nina Simone don't reduce the lady in your life to instant compliance you have justifiable cause to go looking for a more appreciative audience.

It is very difficult to be indifferent to Jonathan Richman – you either love his distinctive style of music or dislike it. As a devoted fan I am a founder member of the first category, and consider his latest album **Back In Your Life** (Beserkley) to be his best yet.

It has the usual selection of highly imaginative, charming songs covering various topics from mosquitos to girlfriends, all sung in his inimitable style.

The Modern Lovers provide the music for about half of the album and greatly enhance it with their harmonious backing vocals.

The rest of the album features Jonathan with a group of friends. I can highly recommend this record for anyone who likes Jonathan Richman or is into delightful songs and harmony vocals.

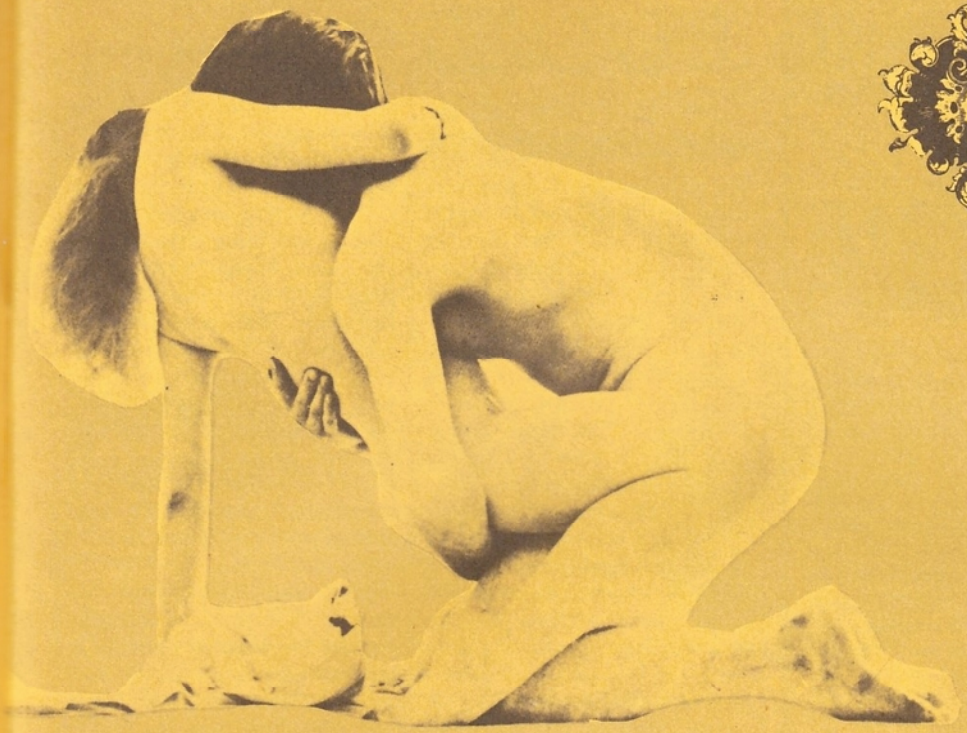
Snooks Eaglin, an ebullient and technically accomplished guitarist and singer, was discovered and recorded about twenty years ago as a New Orleans street singer. As a result he was labelled as a blues artist, and became very successful being something he thought he was not. On **Down Yonder** (Sonet) we hear Snooks for the first time being himself in a recording studio with a group of excellent musicians backing him. This, he says, is what he wanted to do all along and the result is loose, swinging, completely exhilarating New Orleans R & B.

The living and continuing blues tradition of Chicago is admirably captured on **Living Chicago Blues** (Sonet). These recordings on three volumes recreate the atmosphere of Chicago basement taverns and narrow bar-rooms where these vibrant sounds reverberate each night. The artists include: The Jimmy Johnson Blues Band, Eddie Shaw and the Wolf Gang, Left Hand Frank and his Blues Band, Carey Bell's Blues Harp Band, Magic Slim and the Teardrops, Johnny 'Big Moose' Walker, Lonnie Brooks Blues Band, Pinetop Perkins, and the Sons of the Blues.

These men, like their predecessors, live the blues; they work in factories or steel mills to earn a living wage and play blues gigs at night. The bands echo the sounds of the Fifties and Sixties but the rock, soul and disco trends of the Seventies have also influenced the music as it must in a form which lives and is continually developing. Dave Swarbrick, the demon fiddler from Fairport Convention is now concentrating on solo work, and on **The Ceilidh Album** (Sonet) he and friends romp through a breath-taking selection of Irish folk favourites.

Compliments from impeccable musical sources are nothing new to Albert Lee. He was a member of the Crickets for longer than Buddy Holly and was recently asked to join Eric Clapton's touring band. An outstanding guitarist and pianist, Albert, a founder member of Head, Hands and Feet, is making his solo debut on **Hiding** (A & M). The album contains a wide range of country flavoured rock, including a dynamic new version of *Country Boy* which was on the first Head, Hands and Feet recording. A personal favourite of mine is *Setting Me Up,* a punchy rocking number written by Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler.

'. . . and the weekend could bring a new romance into your life. Stop. Success in your work is assured but you could find this a hectic period. Stop . . .'



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Arthur Pottersman

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But now imagine all that again – but suppose the girl isn't actually there. The whole experience is like a dream. Except for one remarkable after-effect: the sheets of your bed are as pristine as if nothing had happened.

Now imagine this strange, lascivious sequence of events taking place night after night. Never certain whether you are sleeping or waking, you are conscious only of the girl's silent activities.

You are conscious of her hips' circular motion as she gently moves upon your body, guiding your prick deep within her and jerking her thighs convulsively as her fervour increases.

You are conscious of her vagina's taut muscles constricted tightly along the entire length of your penis, and you feel only ecstasy building up throbbingly within you until you are gasping with uncontrollable pleasure as the orgasm explodes within you – like an intimate yet mighty electrical storm.

In the morning again, you are all too conscious of those sheets, unmarked. Half-buried memories flood back . . . of a girl's face half-glimpsed, more like a demon than a woman, of her vagina's uncanny coldness, of an intense, unbridled, inhuman eroticism. . .

The next night you are ready to resist the unknown She who invades your bed, rapes your body and your mind. When her Presence is with you once more, you even put on a show of impotence, hoping to deter but in reality seeming to provoke:

'Soft, yielding cold lips planted themselves in the middle of his chest and a tongue began to play about his skin, teasingly. The mouth slowly moved downwards, kissing and licking with a lazy sensuality and, at the same time, one of the hands began to caress his genitals. Despite the fear and revulsion that now gripped him, he felt little tremors of pleasure beginning to dart in tiny rivulets around his loins. By the time the mouth reached its goal, he was fully erect. The body of the girl eased itself above him, legs spread wide on either side of his thighs.'

The young man opens his mouth to scream, but again the shadow descends and he is guided into that irresistible fissure of coaxing muscle until the swinging pelvis, manipulating his loins in a cage of flesh, evokes once more that catastrophic, overwhelming orgasm.

When your best friend keeps terrified night-watch upon your haunted couch, he sees you lying there mother naked making love to the seemingly empty air.

Whatever your erect penis is penetrating, is invisible to him. And when he attempts to touch the force that seems to surround you, a gosh-almighty electric shock hurls him to the ground.

When a sympathetic girl-friend seeks to comfort you, despite her tender ministrations – and yours – kissings and caresses, nuzzlings and stroking of breasts, even her guiding hand leading yours between the silken sheath of her own thighs as she slides her fingers between yours . . . all leave you sadly and frustratingly impotent.

For the succubus is no mere figment of the tormented young man's inflamed imagination but a roaring female devil from the very beginnings of time. One night with her could melt your bones and pickle your addled brains.

What begins as unutterable sexual pleasure terminates in unearthly destructive pain.

So when constructing your ideal woman, chaps, better stick to the recommended model: A nymphomaniac in charge of a pub.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

New nightclubs are hot news on the London scene and the latest to open in a blaze of glory is **Oliver's Club and Piano Bar** at 12 New Burlington Street, just off Savile Row, and a stone's throw from Regent Street.

Oliver's has some clever thinking behind it, in the shape of Oscar Owide, who has had many years of experience owning nightclubs in the West End and has now created his ideal place. Oscar will readily admit that *Oliver's* turned out to be much more luxurious than he had originally planned – but now, £100,000 later, when the last piece of suede wallpaper has been hung and the final velvet banquette has been placed in position, one can see that nothing but the best was good enough.

You will notice the club from the New Burlington Street pavement by the white tables and chairs set outside under the large reddish awning, and a pair of mullioned glass windows set in quality woodwork instantly attract the eye of the passer-by.

Just inside the door you get two good views – one of the long, warm, pink club room and the other of Juliette, the receptionist. Passing by the bar, which is utterly luxurious, you pause for a moment to listen to the melodious piano music and glance into the restaurant beyond. No doubt it will be busy, because *Oliver's* has proved to be popular and fulfils a need for a fun club in this part of the West End. Cocktails are a speciality and the glasses are enormous: many of the cocktails have three alcoholic bases combining to make knock-out drinks and encourage you to trip across the minute dance-floor.

The restaurant serves a varied menu of main dishes at between £3 and £4 each, and the spare ribs are notable for the generous portion and the succulent flavour. There is the tempting sweet trolley, normally with the chef's own home-made strawberry flan lying amidst the other delicacies. One is surprised to see wine at £2.90 a bottle (Soave) and a good Mersault at £3.90 indicates that the prices are fair.

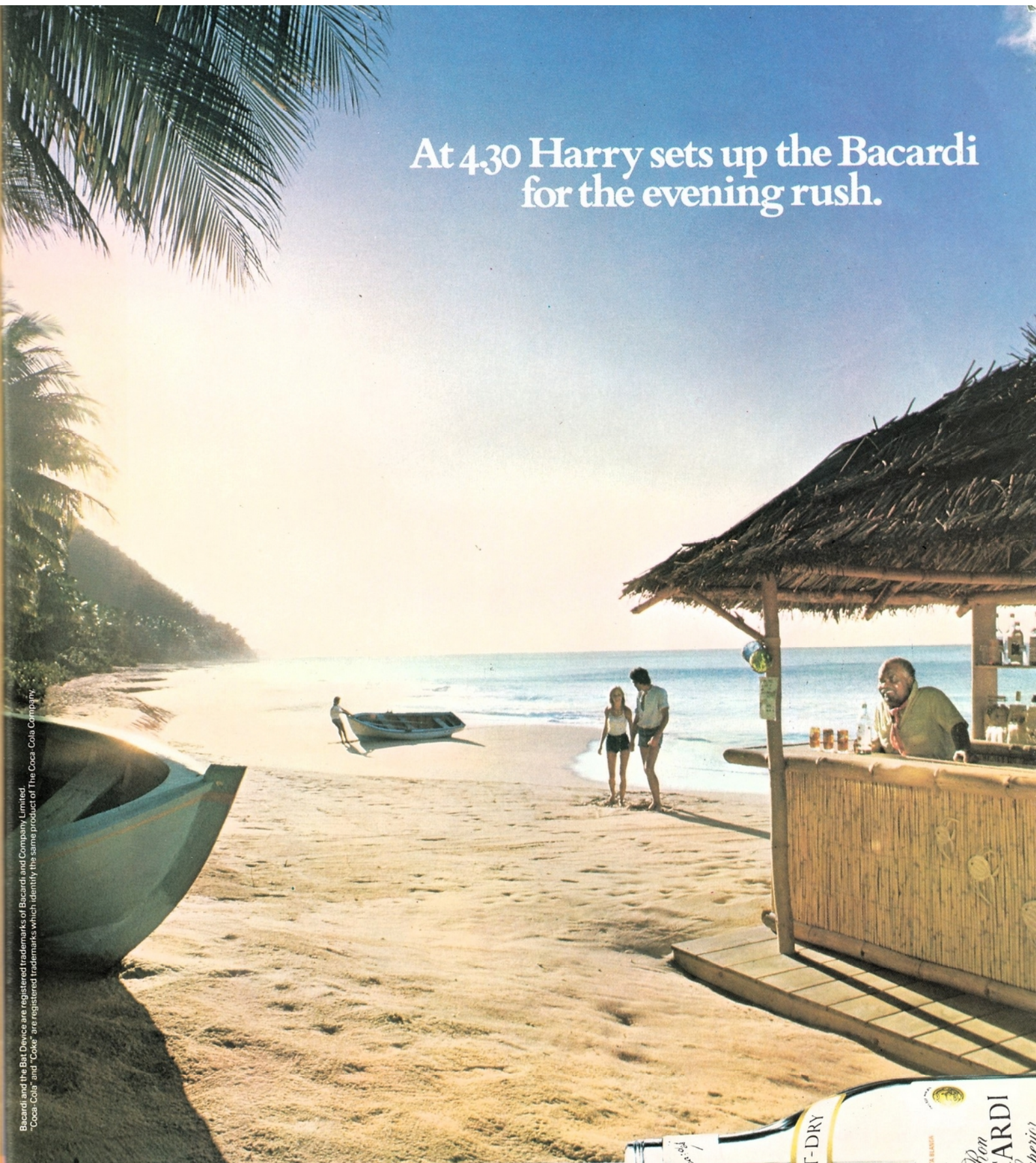
Downstairs there is a separate club room which can be used for members' own private parties, and *Oliver's* is, of course, a right and reasonable place for your business entertaining at lunchtime. In the evening, the Piano Bar comes into its own as a place to drop into for a couple of cocktails.

Juliette on the reception desk has been instructed by the owner to offer readers of *Mayfair* a special complimentary membership for one month, so that you can see if everything we have told you is true – which shows you just how important the *Mayfair* reader has become in the nightclub world! However, don't get too saucy with Juliette: her father is the owner!

New ideas seem to be flowing fast from the **Park Tower Hotel** in Knightsbridge, where Mr Behard, the adventurous general manager, has now placed one of the best trios ever to play in a first-class restaurant up in the first floor Trianon room. Initially, you will recognise the quality when we tell you that Art Fairbank plays piano there, and swoon you must when you hear Nikki DuCane singing the sultriest ballads that it has been your pleasure and privilege to hear. This girl is marvellous: in *Le Trianon* she wafts her love songs gently across the dim restaurant room to the rich bass of Percy Borthwick.

Le Trianon is a very special restaurant for that very special evening out, when you might be persuaded from the comfort of your table on to the small, very small dance-floor – but it is not the place that you would expect to go to every night for dinner, since the *Park Tower* is a five star grand luxe hotel and you must expect to pay appropriate prices. Nonetheless, it is worth phoning Mr Monty and seeing if he has a table to spare for your very special evening, but I hope your birthday does not fall on a Monday because the music has a night off then.

At 4.30 Harry sets up the Bacardi for the evening rush.



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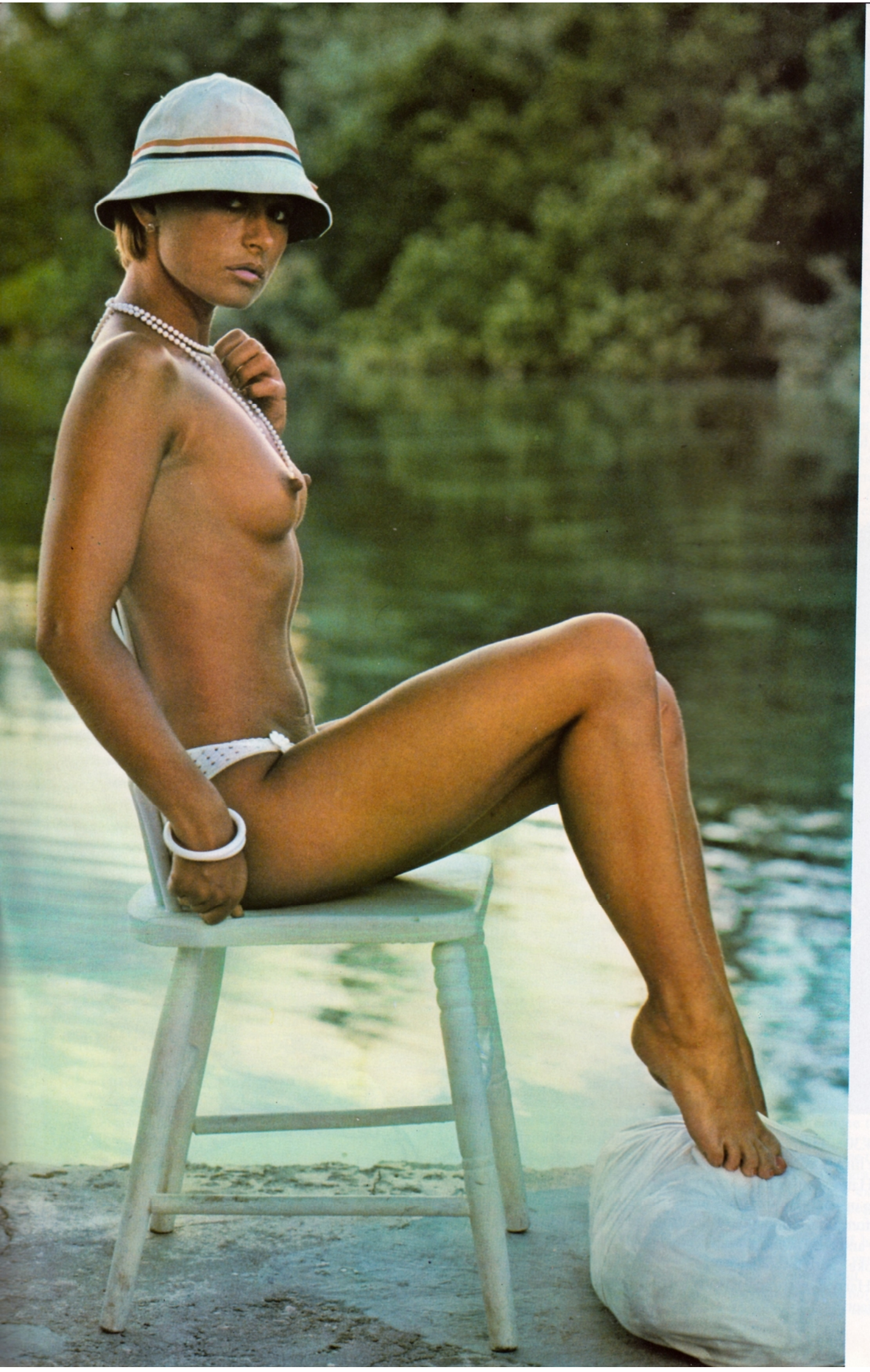
4.30 is Harry's busy time. That's when his customers come at him in waves, or rather out of them.

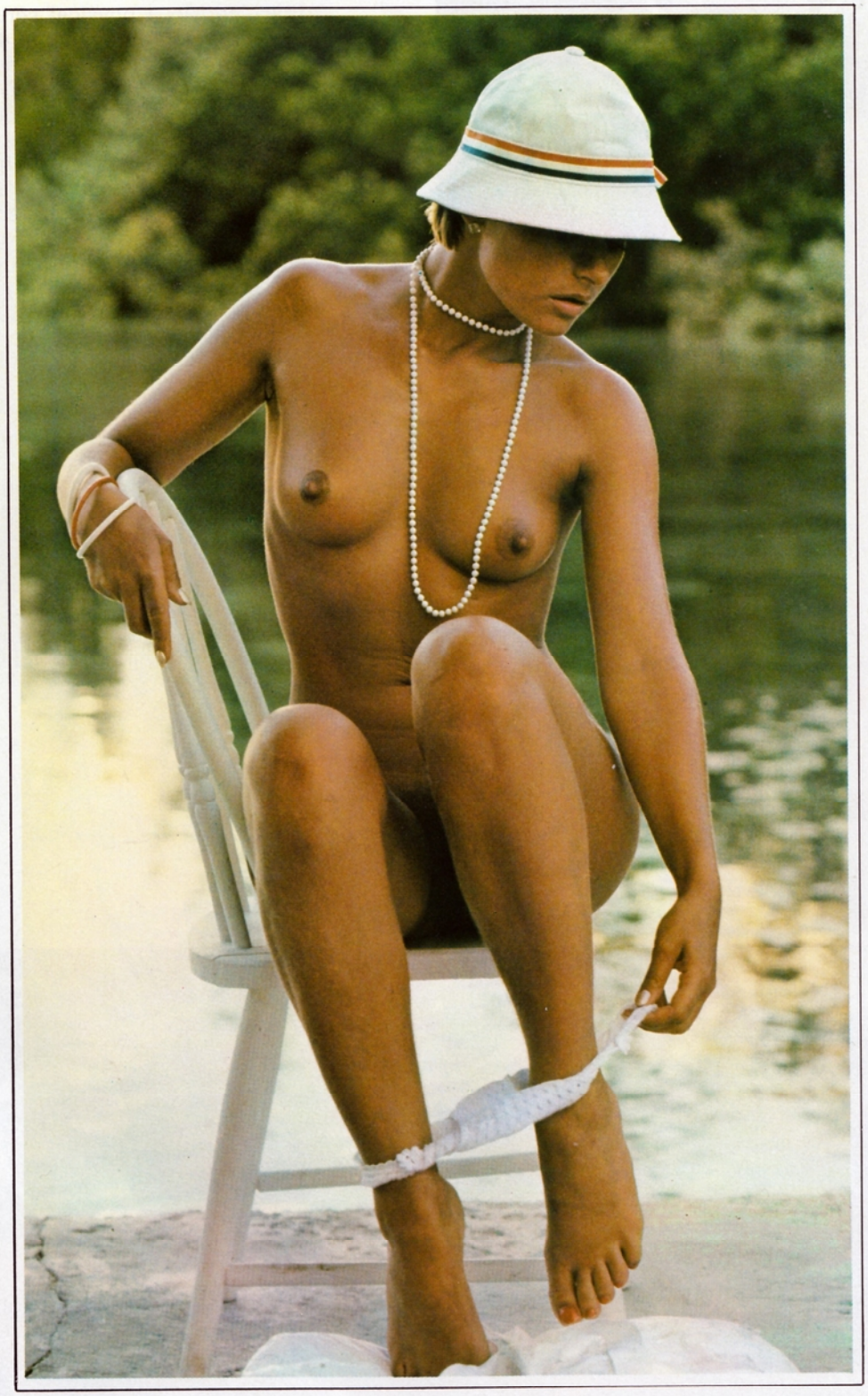
Harry's customers spend lunchtime in the shade, working up to some strenuous sunbathing in mid-afternoon. Then after a hectic couple of hours sleeping on the beach, it's 4.30 and they're more than ready for a cool Bacardi rum and "Coke," with lots of ice.

Harry likes to have it ready for them, so he's not rushed off his feet.

Bacardi rum.

The one from the sun.





ALISON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Alison Purbright is 19 years old and shares a Heals-furnished flat with three other girls off Sloane Street in London's Chelsea. When she's not working in the small but exclusive interior design firm where she is a trainee buyer, she takes an Inter-City train to Exeter where parents' car or taxi whisks her several miles further west to a rambling family house on the outskirts of Dawlish. 'I suppose,' she concedes, 'I am privileged.'

Privileged in a physical sense, too, with her 5 feet 6 inch, 34-24-36 inch figure. 'That's not as hippy as it sounds,' she says. 'My back is rather wider than it looks, so I am more or less in proportion.' Her accent mirrors the minor girls public school she attended, adapting easily to the Swiss-accented schoolgirl French she polished for a happy but educationally disastrous six months spent in an Alpine finishing school. 'I must admit I sound an absolutely typical Sloane Ranger,' she laughs. 'Gucci shoes, silk head scarf and twin set from Liberty's. I haven't quite made the Gucci shoes yet, but it wasn't far off. When I went to finishing school I woke up one day in a room full of absolutely identical, beautifully groomed, beautifully dressed Euro-debs, all being processed for the right millionaire merchant banker. And I thought: "Stuff it! I'm me!" A friend and I slipped on our oldest jeans, bought some rucksacks and went hitch-hiking around Europe.'

She grins at the memory. 'It was a bit thoughtless – my family were going berserk. But I really needed to create some space and find out if I could do things for myself, which I did – so the finishing school wasn't a total waste.' Future plans include her own design firm. 'If I can find a backer. Perhaps I'll need my merchant banker after all!'

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CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

An academic pursuit

continued from page 18

pass the afternoon and set the pattern for many more.

Some days later I gathered that there were other males on Jenny's horizon. A card appeared on her mantelpiece inviting Jenny to an 'at home', the attraction being 'Cheeses and Soho Wines'. Yuck, I thought.

The strength of the competition appeared later. Some nights afterwards Helen and I dined out. She allowed herself one afternoon off in five to get sex out of our systems and we'd spend the whole afternoon in bed till neither of us could do any more, then clean up and go out. The Jacobean, our usual spot, was too pricey as a rule for students.

Helen was finishing her coffee when I froze. 'Over there,' I hissed. 'The couple that's just come in. The table in the arch'.

Jenny was over there, wearing a very old-maidish long dress in white and navy. Her escort was a stocky youth with curly dark hair. They didn't see me.

Helen stifled a giggle and almost spluttered her coffee over the tablecloth. 'Let's go before you choke,' I said, and we left.

'You are an awful cradle-snatcher, aren't you?' Helen said as we drove to the flat. 'Who's the guy?'

'Never seen him before'.

'Think they sleep together?'

'Doubt it. She's never been touched'.

'How in hell do you know?'

'All the signs are there. Or do you want me to be biological?'

'Don't be disgusting'.

Later, just after getting into bed, Helen asked, 'Just exactly why are you doing this?'

'Because she's there. The old hunting instinct. You won't understand – you're a woman'.

'That's a load of . . .'

'I knew you'd say that. Forget it. Shut up and go to sleep'.

When St Anthony's College took me on as a senior student they gave me a set of rooms which I retained even after renting the flat. I used the sitting room a lot, as a place to leave my typewriter and spread my papers around. I also used the bedroom – not to sleep in except on one weekend when Helen's mother turned up and I disappeared – but mainly as a refuge.

I'd meant to go round to Jenny's at three, but dozed off; it was nearer four when I came to. Damning and blasting I stumbled into the sitting room. Jenny was sitting in my favourite chair with one of my books, looking rather pretty. She looked up.

'Hello, I hope I didn't disturb you'.

'No, I haven't really been asleep. Have you been here long?'

'About an hour. Your work does look high-powered. I've been trying to understand it'.

'It's not really. Just a set of party tricks and getting the jargon right'.

'You're much too modest. Anyway, I missed you and that's why I came round. Where have you been?'

'Through there, my bedroom'.

'Show me'.

I shut the door behind us and pulled her down on to the narrow bed, my arms round her. She lay quite still after the first kiss, and I stroked her hair.

'Nice place to be,' I said confidingly. 'Nice cosy room'.

'Not at all how I'd imagined,' Jenny murmured.

'How did you think it would be? Full of pin-ups in black panties?'

Jenny began giggling. 'Mike, you are a darling'. She kissed me.

'Why am I a darling? Do *you* wear black panties?'

'No, white'.

'They were pink one day'.

She gave a little gasp. 'Mike, how do you *know*? Was I sitting inelegantly?'

'You weren't sitting at all, you were trying to get to the bike shed and your skirt was having a fight with the hedge. Anyway I know you have more than one pair of pants, some with a frill round the leg, some plain'.

'Mike!'

'Well, after all, don't forget I've been that way'. Jenny blushed; I kissed her again and slowly and quite deliberately unhooked her bra and undid the top of her dress. I cupped a hand under one of her big breasts and looked at it. For one so large the nipple was very small, and shell-pink. Very gently I moved my face nearer till I touched it with my lips. I felt it harden, the other too, as I took that one between thumb and forefinger. I heard Jenny's quickening breath as my hand moved from her breast to her thigh, her legs parting as my hand moved upwards. I reached her sex and ran a fingertip down the cleft.

'Do you like me? Oh, say you like me'.

She was already wet there, the material slippery.

'Legs apart, the virgin lass
her fanny foams like bottled Bass,' I thought as I ran my forefinger along the lips for a second time.

'Say you like me. Please!'

'Mad about you, Jenny'.

So there I stayed till it was time for us both to go, but before she left, Jenny agreed that her weekly essay could wait till tomorrow and it would be nice to go out somewhere, later that evening.

It was dusk when I picked her up at the Evenlode Hall gate.

'Where shall we go?'

'Let's drive to the river'.

Out in the country I found a quiet lane. I took her hand. 'No one about'.

'No'.

Perhaps the darkness removed some of her shyness; at any rate her legs began to open before I'd barely passed her knee. With my mouth clamped on hers I moved right up. The frill round the leg of her briefs made them easy to get inside.

One finger at first. Jenny gave a start as I touched her there, then a long sigh as the finger slipped right in. Just as if she'd done it every night of her life, she opened her legs fully, then pulled her skirt up so as to spread them wider still.

I moved that finger around and when it

turn to page 99

From the rain-swept night in 1930 when Britain's *R101* exploded on a French hillside to the famous *Hindenburg* disaster of 1937, ill-luck dogged the story of the airship. Yet it was the safest form of aerial transport ever

By Gerald Cole

SHORT-LIVED LEVIATHANS: the ill-fated history of the airship

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

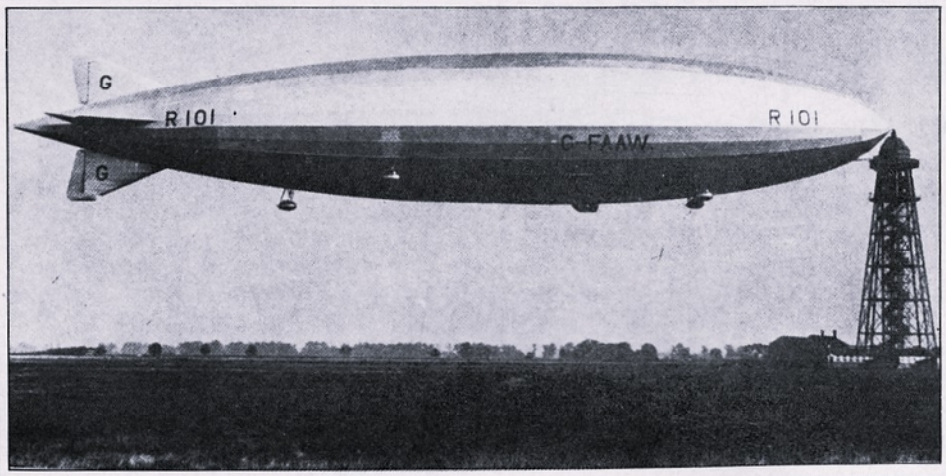
At 6.36 pm on Saturday October 4, 1930 the airship *R101* – pride of Ramsay MacDonald's Labour government – lifted slowly away from its mooring mast at the Royal Airship Works at Cardington in Bedfordshire and set course for the English Channel on the first stage of an inaugural flight to India. Seven hundred and seventy feet long, with a hydrogen gas capacity of five and a half million cubic feet, it was the largest airship in the world, almost half the size again of its celebrated rival, Germany's *Graf Zeppelin*. On board were 54 people – 42 crew, six officials from the Airship Works and six passengers, including Air Minister Lord Thomson, who had previously declared the *R101* 'as safe as a house, except for the millionth chance.' It was to prove one of the most grimly ironic remarks in the short-lived history of the airship.

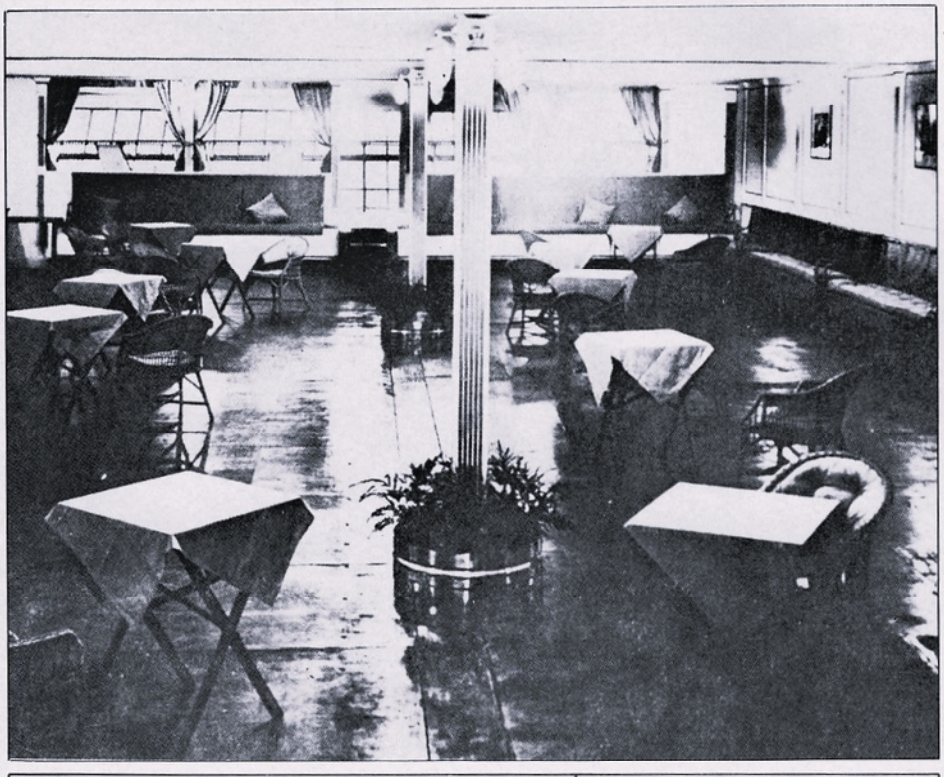
The *R101* simply was not safe, a fact of which its crew were all too aware as the huge, cigar-shaped craft nosed into the gathering murk of that night.

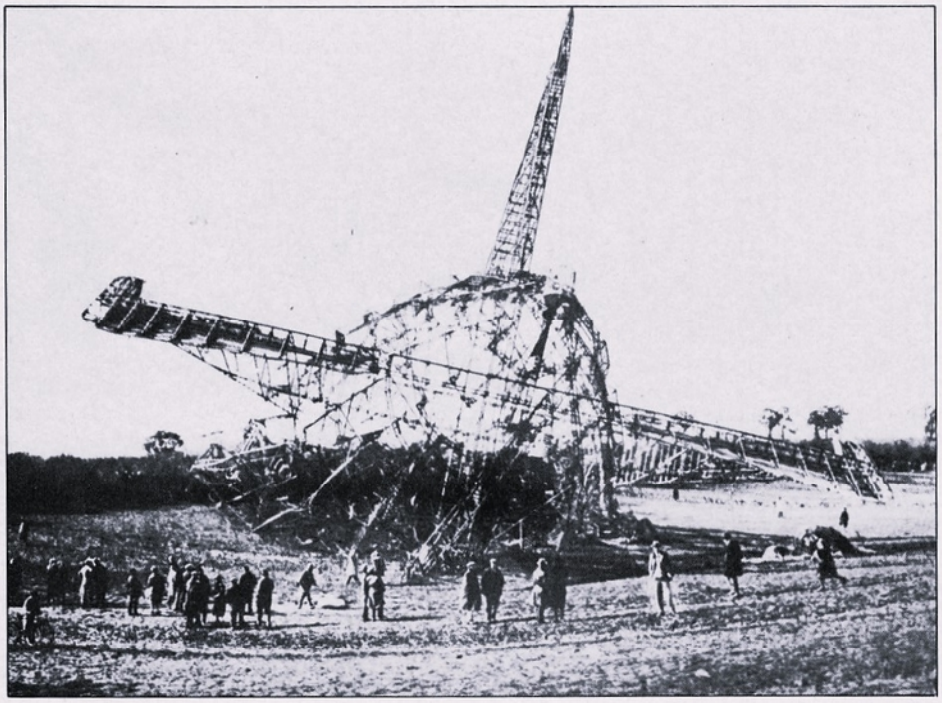
Hailed as 'the Socialist Airship' since it was first mooted in 1924 it had long been the butt of political and bureaucratic wrangling. The publicity accorded to its new diesel engines – marginally safer than the tried and tested petrol engines generally employed on airships – meant that they could not be scrapped when they proved much too heavy and inefficient. The rigid metal framework, which contained the supporting gas bags and gave the airship its shape, was also of an unusual and untested design. Previously, successful airships had been built of light steel rings braced internally with criss-crossing wires like the spokes of a bicycle wheel. This not only saved weight but prevented the vulnerable gas bags from chafing against each other in turbulent conditions.

The *R101* designers opted for stronger, unbraced rings, wiring the gas bags directly into them in a way which made chafing inevitable.

They also chose a new form of gas valve – similarly given maximum publicity – which was found to leak gas if the craft inclined







Top: the R101 at her mooring mast at the Royal Airship Works, Cardington. Middle: the R101's lounge, matching the luxury of an ocean liner. Bottom: the skeleton of the R101 after she had crashed near Beauvais on her inaugural flight on October 4, 1930.

more than three degrees from the horizontal.

When the *R101* first took to the air in October 1929 it was 23 tons heavier than calculations had predicted and jagged holes appeared in the gas bags whenever it was subjected to a stiff wind. By then half a million pounds of public money had been lavished on the project and there was no question of re-considering the design. Accordingly, a new section was built in, adding another gas bag, and the wiring was loosened throughout to enable the bags to expand further and increase lift. The fact than this also increased the chafing on the bags was barely considered; padding was simply applied to the worst interior projections.

Modifications completed, the *R101* emerged from its hangar on June 23, 1930 and immediately ran into a fresh set of problems with its outer cover. Without warning a tear 140 feet long appeared in its envelope. Over-hasty repairs resulted in another tear appearing the following day.

Meanwhile Lord Thomson, who regarded the *R101* very much as a personal project, was pressing the Cardington designers for an early completion. 'I must insist,' he wrote to the director of the Airship Works, 'on the programme for the Indian flight being adhered to as I have made my plans accordingly.' They included his arrival back in England by October 19, in time for an Imperial Conference. Ready or not, the *R101* must leave on October 4.

So feverish were the last minute preparations that there was no time to award the airship a Certificate of Airworthiness. Finally a temporary certificate was granted; the qualifying speed trials would be carried out on the inaugural voyage itself.

So it was that the underpowered, overheavy, unwieldy *R101* moved sluggishly southwards over the English Channel on the night of October 4. Already half its water ballast had been discharged to make lift off possible. Shortly afterwards one of its five engines broke down and heavy, rain-carrying winds, which the airship had never experienced before, started to make the craft pitch, squeezing precious hydrogen out of the still over-sensitive valves.

Nevertheless by 11.26 pm she had crossed the French coast and her captain, Flight Lieutenant H C Irwin was able to radio to Cardington: 'After an excellent supper our distinguished guests smoked a final cigar and, having sighted the French coast, have now gone to rest after the excitement of leave-taking.' At 1.52 am she reported her position as a little less than a mile north of Poix airfield. It was her last message. At two am residents of Beauvais watched her pass overhead at what appeared to be the dangerously low height of 300 feet. Five minutes later, in driving rain, the *R101* bumped into a hillside at walking pace and ground to a gentle halt. She then erupted in flame.

Of the 54 people on board only six survived, two of them saved by the fortuitous bursting of a water ballast bag as flames

turn to page 40

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Short-lived leviathans

continued from page 38

engulfed them; a third kicked his way through the asbestos walls of the specially designed 'smoking room', falling through the inferno into rain-soaked trees.

Lord Thomson was not one of the lucky few. The disaster ended at a stroke Britain's interest in airships; its less publicised but highly successful companion ship, the *R100* was sold for scrap and the skies of Europe were left to Germany's prestigious transatlantic Zeppelin.

Though it lasted barely 90 years, the story of the airship was both awe-inspiring and tragic. Monster commercial craft, like the *R101* and the Zeppelins, capable of carrying up to 100 passengers, were the largest flying machines ever built, dwarfing even the giant rockets of the American moon programme. Gorgeous dinosaurs, they were out of their time, not by achieving instant obsolescence but by being born prematurely, the grandiose ideas of their designers outstripping the limited technology of their day. Yet they remain the safest form of aerial travel ever devised; despite millions of passenger miles flown since the first commercial airship line opened in 1909 only 13 fare-paying passengers died in airship accidents, and all of them on the ill-fated *Hindenburg*.

Ever since two Frenchmen made the first manned flight on November 21, 1783 – in a hot air balloon made of paper and linen and fuelled by an evil-smelling bonfire of straw, wool and old shoes – aeronauts had dreamed of directing a balloon in flight. Throughout the first half of the 19th century attempts to create a 'dirigible' – a steerable balloon – using oars, hand-driven propellers, flapping wings and one ingenious but self-defeating opening and shutting parasol device, met with predictable failure. Nevertheless men like British aeronautical pioneer Sir George Cayley were able to predict the proper shape for a dirigible and a steering device that later became standard on the Zeppelin.

Man's first powered flight had to wait until 1852 when another Frenchman, Henri Giffard, slung a 350-pound steam engine a safe distance below a 144 feet long cigar-shaped hydrogen envelope and wheezed and hissed his way about the rooftops of Paris at a stately five miles an hour. Though technically 'dirigible', it was obvious to Giffard that anything above a light breeze would render his craft unsteerable. A lighter, more powerful power unit was needed.

The problem was partially solved on August 9, 1884 when two French engineer officers, Charles Renard and Arthur Krebs, left the ground in *La France*, a 170 feet long craft powered by an 8½ horsepower electric engine of their own design. Its average speed was only 14 miles an hour but it proved enough to make headway against a breeze. For the first time an airship was truly dirigible.

But as Renard and Krebs strove to improve the efficiency of their battery-powered motor, their achievement had already been rendered obsolete – by a German engineer called Gottlieb Daimler who was then putting the final touches to the first petrol-fuelled internal combustion engine. Long before Daimler saw his invention's potential for the 'horseless carriage' he realised it could be invaluable for powering an airship. Combining his efforts with a German aeronaut called Karl Woelfert, he succeeded in powering, and almost immediately losing interest in, a dirigible of Woelfert's design. While Daimler turned his attention to the motor car, Woelfert struggled on alone to produce a larger, Daimler-driven dirigible which caught fire and crashed on a demonstration flight near Berlin on June 12, 1897 killing Woelfert and his engineer.

Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, 'father' of the airship. His first 'Zeppelin' was launched from Lake Constance in 1900.

For a time aeronauts recoiled from using the revolutionary new engine; clearly inflammable hydrogen and this explosive new method of propulsion made poor bed fellows. It took a dandyish, expatriate Brazilian living in Paris to prove them wrong.

His name was Alberto Santos-Dumont; he was 25 years old in 1897 and, though not an original genius – except perhaps as a self-publicist – possessed two vital qualities as an aerial pioneer: vast mechanical curiosity and a personal fortune that was only marginally less substantial. Heir to one of the largest coffee plantations in Brazil, he was determined to enjoy the delights of *fin-de-siecle* Paris, which to him meant ballooning and motoring. He was quickly the owner of a De Dion tricycle and, having meanwhile become an accomplished balloonist, at once saw the possibilities of a petrol-driven dirigible. His first craft, known simply as *Dirigible No 1*, made its maiden flight from the Bois de Boulogne on September 18, 1898. Though barely 82 feet long, it was more than adequate to support the small, dapper Brazilian – dressed immaculately, as he always was, in top hat and stiff collar – and the 3½ horsepower engine he had lifted bodily from his De Dion.

From the beginning Santos-Dumont displayed a sure instinct for airship flight. Veteran aeronauts among the large crowd that watched insisted that he take off downwind, as was usual in balloon flying. Santos-Dumont was convinced he should take off into the wind with the engine running, but for once allowed his better judgement to be over-ruled. The airship was turned, rose with the wind and plunged helplessly into a nearby line of trees, leaving an unhurt but enraged Santos-Dumont to scramble to the ground.

Two days later he tried again, this time as his instinct dictated, and was immediately successful, rising to 1,300 feet and executing effortless turns in the Paris sky. But as he flew back to his starting point disaster struck as the envelope began to sag and then jack knife. An air pump had been installed to maintain the envelope's shape when hydrogen was valved off, as it had been at his maximum altitude. Santos-Dumont guessed correctly that it had jammed. As the ground rushed towards him he spotted some boys playing below. Shouting at them to grab his craft's 200 foot trail rope, he told them to run as fast as possible into the wind. The resulting lift was just enough to prevent a heavy crash-landing and Santos-Dumont climbed from the wicker gondola shaken but unhurt.

Such coolness – allied with an unerring sense of style – made 'le petit Santos' an overnight success in Paris, a success sealed in 1901 when he won a £30,000 prize for making the first aerial trip from Saint-Cloud, round the Eiffel Tower and back, a seven mile journey which had to be completed in 30 minutes. He succeeded at the third attempt with 30 seconds to spare, having previously been checked by a last minute engine failure and a bursting envelope; on this, the second attempt, he was luckily travelling at only 150 feet and crash-landed on top of a six storey hotel in the Trocadero district, where he remained, waving cheerily to the crowd below, until rescued by the fire brigade.

He went on to build 15 dirigibles in all, the most famous being *Dirigible No 9*. This he used as an aerial taxi, guiding it down the Champs Elysees and anchoring it to a lamp post or railing outside a favourite cafe while he enjoyed a drink or a meal inside. It was superb showmanship, and a remarkable example of piloting skill, but the future of the airship lay elsewhere – at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance, with Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin.

Zeppelin – whose name was to become synonymous with successful airship design – was over 50 before he became involved in building dirigibles, and then only by the merest fluke. A career officer, he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-General when in 1889 he rashly crossed swords with the German War Ministry and, more importantly, the young Kaiser over political matters. Within a year his resignation was demanded. As early as 1873 he had sketched a plan for a rigid dirigible composed of a series of separate gas bags – significantly, in view of later events, he regarded it as a useful weapon of war. Now, at the age of 52, he was free to follow up his ideas.

Pouring the bulk of his personal fortune

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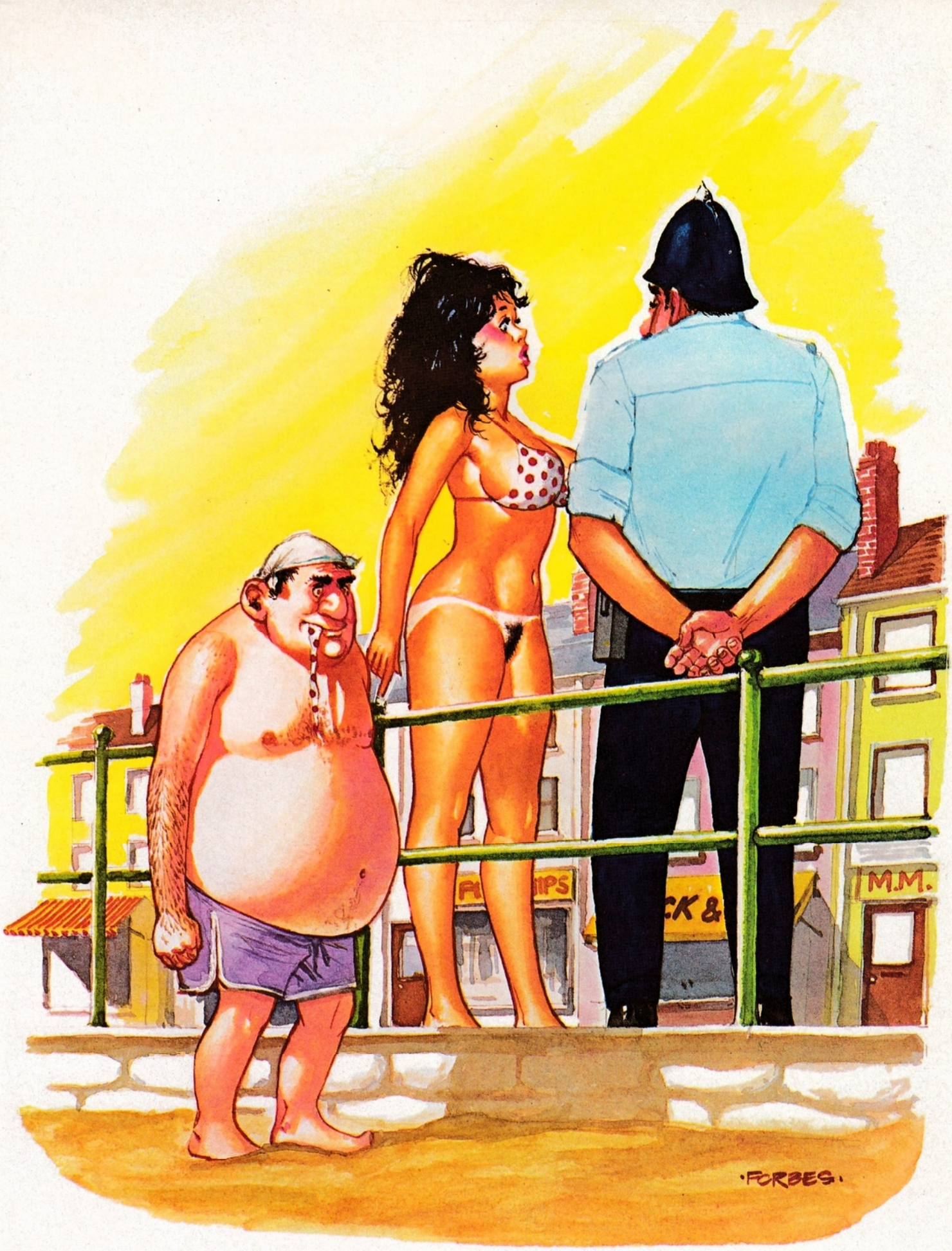

'Officer, that man just ate my swimming costume.'

Short-lived leviathans

continued from page 40

into the project, he designed and built *LZ1* (Luftschiff Zeppelin No 1) in a huge pontoon shed moored on the north shore of Lake Constance. The shed had to be large to accommodate his craft, a 420 feet long monster, with a diameter of nearly 40 feet and powered by two 15 horsepower Daimler engines. Its framework consisted of a series of light, concentric aluminium rings braced by diagonal wires; 17 separate gas bags gave lift and a fabric cover provided weather protection. It was extremely impressive but drastically underpowered. A second, better powered Zeppelin appeared four years later in November 1905, crashed on launching and then again, disastrously, during its first and only flight. Undeterred, the Count built a new model, *LZ3*, within a year and gained a government grant from its success.

LZ4 was built to government specifications and in July 1908 made a triumphant 12-hour endurance flight, covering 185 miles and smashing all existing airship records. Yet again disaster struck. Moored outside the Daimler works for engine repairs, it was torn away by a sudden violent thunderstorm and burst into flames. Within hours, as the news spread through Germany, donations for a new airship began to pour into Friedrichshafen; three months later it had amounted to six million marks – about £300,000 – an undreamt-of sum.

It enabled Zeppelin to complete and sell two new airships to the army and, incredibly, in November 1909 to found the world's first commercial airship line. By 1912 DELAG, as it was known (after Deutsch Luftschiffahrts Aktien Gesellschaft – German Airship Transport Company), was running regular services between the major German cities, carrying up to 20 passengers per craft in well-fed comfort and unparalleled safety. In four years of service, up to August 1914, over 10,000 DELAG passengers travelled a total of 107,231 miles on 1,588 flights without suffering the slightest accident.

But as the heavy artillery opened up along the Western Front all that was to change. The image of the gigantic Zeppelin droning through the night skies of London and raining down destruction is a potent and enduring one. In fact it owed more to highly effective British propaganda than military reality. By the standards of later aerial conflict, the Zeppelin bombing raids over Britain – they extended from the beginning of 1915 to the summer of 1918 – were virtual pin pricks: 557 people died and an estimated £1,500,000-worth of damage was done.

By far the greatest dangers were risked by the Zeppelin crews themselves. It was one thing to fly a DELAG ship unopposed through daylight skies, quite another to negotiate a sea-crossing and pinpoint a specific target hundreds of miles from home on a dark, moonless night. Navigation instruments were crude and in the last analysis instinct and a fair measure of luck were the only guarantees of success.

In retrospect the Kaiser's 1915 directive that only military targets should be attacked – residential areas and, above all, royal palaces should be avoided – was the height of optimism.

After a series of exploratory forays in the first half of 1915, the Zeppelin campaign began in earnest in the summer with the introduction of new, improved Zeppelins. These million-cubic-foot, 500 feet long dirigibles – the largest yet – could cruise at 50 miles an hour at a height of 11,500 feet and carry two tons of bombs right across England.

By now the Kaiser had been persuaded that all London – barring royal palaces and historic buildings – was a legitimate target. On the night of September 8 three airships set out for the British capital, though only one actually found it, gutting a block of textile warehouses behind St Pauls with incendiaries. Five weeks later four Zeppelins did reach London; their bombs missed their designated targets – the City and the docks – but still left 71 dead and 128 injured. Then early in 1916 a fleet of nine Zeppelins cruised unopposed over central England for an entire night, killing another 70 people.

Though insignificant in military terms the raids had enormous psychological value. For the first time a civilian population was exposed to aerial attack, the indiscriminate nature of the bombing only serving to emphasise the defencelessness of the

turn to page 50

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THE BITCH

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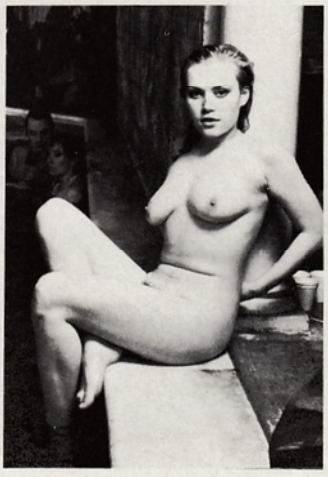
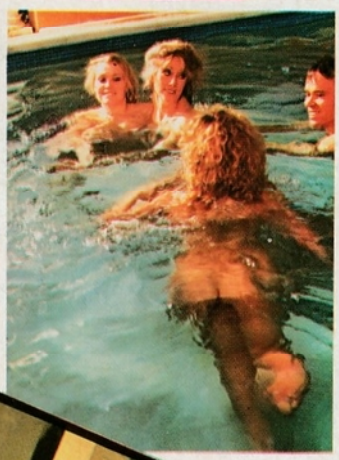


First there was *The Stud,* then *The World is Full of Married Men* and now *The Bitch.* The author of all three novels – which made equally successful films – is Jackie Collins; the star of two of the films, *The Stud* and *The Bitch,* is her sister, Britain's most enduring sex symbol and arguably its most stunning actress Joan Collins. Dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a face and a figure that belie her calendar age by at least ten years, Miss Collins has brought to – celluloid – life her sister's most rapacious creation, the luxury-loving, man-chasing, pleasure-seeking divorcée Fontaine Khaled. Ex-wife of an Arabian billionaire – so as to put no limit on her money-spending imagination – Fontaine first appeared in *The Stud* where she put her millions to work establishing London's trendiest and most exclusive discotheque, known as 'Hobo.' Much of her interest there lay – the word is important – in grooming the right manager for it, both in bed and out: a process graphically portrayed on film when Joan Collins went topless (see opposite) and full-frontally bottomless too. Now Fontaine is back as *The Bitch.* This time 'Hobo' is flagging financially and the ex-Mrs Khaled is in desperate need of help. It comes, not too surprisingly, in the shape of a handsome and personable man: not the youthful 'stud' of the previous tale, but a mature, suave and slightly less than honest Italian playboy and gambler, Nico Cantafora (Michael Coby). After a farewell tumble in New York with a young American lover (Maurice Thorogood), Fontaine is en route to London to sort out her disco problems when the devious Nico drops a stolen ring into her hand luggage. Agreeing to meet him beyond the customs, Fontaine instead decides to drive straight to 'Hobo' to see the worst for herself. Thoroughly depressed, she goes home and diverts herself that night by inviting her new chauffeur (Peter Wight) to scrub her back, and anything else that comes to hand, in the bath. The inevitable ensues. Meanwhile Nico, threatened with death and worse by the Underworld 'owners' of the stolen ring, is desperately trying to contact Fontaine again. He succeeds – over a bedroom game of backgammon. The plot continues to thicken, with numerous bedroom diversions, culminating in a grand aquatic orgy where one couple at least, Fontaine's friend Vanessa (Sue Lloyd) and boyfriend (George Sweeney), indulge in the most strenuous of water-sports. Miss Collins, when not wrapped in a bed sheet, appears in a teasing waspie and pressed nudely against a transparent shower door. The Collins sisters success formula is based on sex, jet-set scandal, luxury, opulence and a lot more sex. With two such remarkable and lovely ladies behind it, it seems here to stay.



Overleaf, top: high-living, pleasure-loving divorcée Fontaine Khaled (Joan Collins) gets to grips with her new chauffeur (Peter Wight). Below: playboy Nico Cantafora (Michael Coby) enjoys an early night with pick-up Lynn (Pamela Salem). Facing page, top left: Fontaine and American friend (Maurice Thorogood). Centre right: fellow hedonist Vanessa (Sue Lloyd) undresses for lover Sandy Roots (George Sweeney). Bottom left: Fontaine puts her best foot forward for her new chauffeur. Top right, centre left, bottom right: fellow pleasure seekers. This page, top left: Nico and water nymphs. Top right: Vanessa and Sandy join an aquatic orgy, seen below. Immediate right: Fontaine-Collins swinging in 'The Stud'.

MIDDLE TAR

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:

As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Short-lived leviathans

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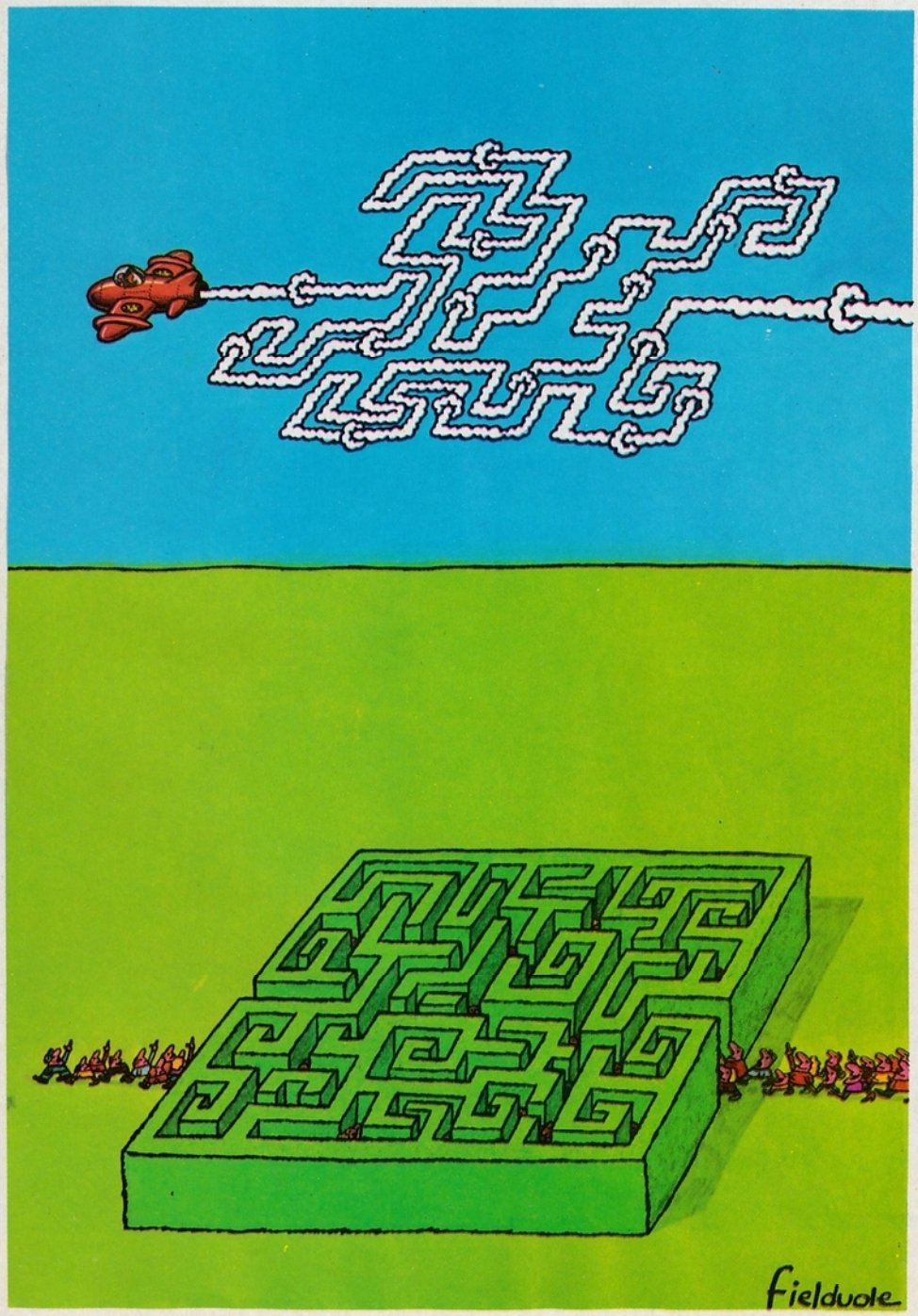
targets. Anti-aircraft batteries were hurriedly established all over the country and several Royal Flying Corps squadrons assigned to anti-Zeppelin patrol.

August 1916 saw the appearance of new 'super-Zeppelins'; 650 feet long, they were almost twice the size of the previous class with an operational ceiling of 13,000 feet. These formed the backbone of the largest airship raid of the war on the night of September 2 when 16 craft converged on south-east England. Intended to deliver the final blow of the air war, the raid proved the beginning of the end of Zeppelin power.

Two craft turned back early, three drifted off target into the Midlands, one mistook Gravesend for London and caused only minimal damage and one – in fact a new Schütte-Lanz, a dirigible on Zeppelin lines but employing a wooden instead of aluminium framework – fell victim to a decisive new British air weapon: the explosive bullet. Fired from 800 feet by Lieutenant William Leefe Robinson at the controls of an RFC fighter, two drums of the new ammunition blew the gigantic craft apart. There were no survivors.

Defeat quickly followed defeat. Attempts to out-climb the fighters with a new class of 'height climber' Zeppelin, stripped of heavy equipment and capable of reaching 20,000 feet, ended in disaster. Flying above cloud cover and guided by an observer lowered in a tiny 'cloud car', the airships were subjected to new and unpredictable conditions of weather and extreme cold. The last major raid on Britain, on October 19, 1917 – called the 'Silent Raid' because the new airships flew at maximum height – resulted in the destruction of five craft.

Not surprisingly, soon after the Armistice was signed, the victorious Allies rushed to take advantage of Zeppelin expertise. Among them was Britain whose *R34*, based in fact on a 'super-Zeppelin' that had been forced down in England in 1916, became the first airship to cross the Atlantic, in July 1919, capping the feat by immediately making a return flight to its base at Pulham in Norfolk.



Clearly the future of the airship lay in long distance, uninterrupted flight – a capability soon exploited by explorers. Just after nine o'clock on the morning of May 11, 1926 the airship *N1*, built and piloted by the Italian airshipman Colonel Umberto Nobile, lifted off from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, heading for the North Pole. On board was Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen, first man to reach the Pole on foot 13 years earlier.

Though tiny by airship standards – a mere 384 feet long – the *N1* reached its destination safely at 1 am the next day, dropped national flags and flew on in appalling weather conditions to reach the tiny community of Teller in Alaska early on May 14. It was a remarkable achievement, blemished only by a bitter public row that quickly broke out between Nobile and Amundsen over who deserved the greater credit.

Within two years Nobile was back at King's Bay preparing to launch a truly Italian polar expedition in a new airship, the *Italia*. Roughly the same size as the *N1*, it had greater lifting power and was designed to withstand an actual landing on the Pole. It lifted off just before 4.30 am on May 23, 1928. Twenty hours later the Pole was reached, though weather conditions made a landing impossible. Undeterred, Nobile set course for a return flight to Spitzbergen. Almost immediately he ran into trouble. Gale force winds and freezing fog quickly made progress almost impossible. After 30 hours, punctuated by a brief, inconclusive radio message from base, the *Italia* was lost. Then at 9.25 am on May 25 ice jammed the elevators and Nobile committed a fatal blunder. Stopping the engines, he let the airship rise above the cloud cover into brilliant sunshine. Expanding under the sun's warmth large quantities of gas were automatically released. Then, repairs completed, he descended once more into the freezing murk. Almost immediately the heated gas began to contract; within minutes there was insufficient to provide lift and the *Italia* was diving towards the ice. There was a sickening crash, Nobile and eight colleagues were thrown out and the airship, now considerably lightened, rose back into the fog with six crewmen still aboard. They were never seen again.

Luckily a radio set survived the impact and the nine marooned men were able to send out an SOS signal. But it was almost a month before they were located and not until July 12 that the last was rescued. Miraculously only one of the nine survivors had died.

Yet perhaps the greatest tragedy was the death of Roald Amundsen. Casting aside former differences, the Norwegian explorer had flown north to help in the air search for Nobile. His aircraft disappeared over the Polar Sea on June 16.

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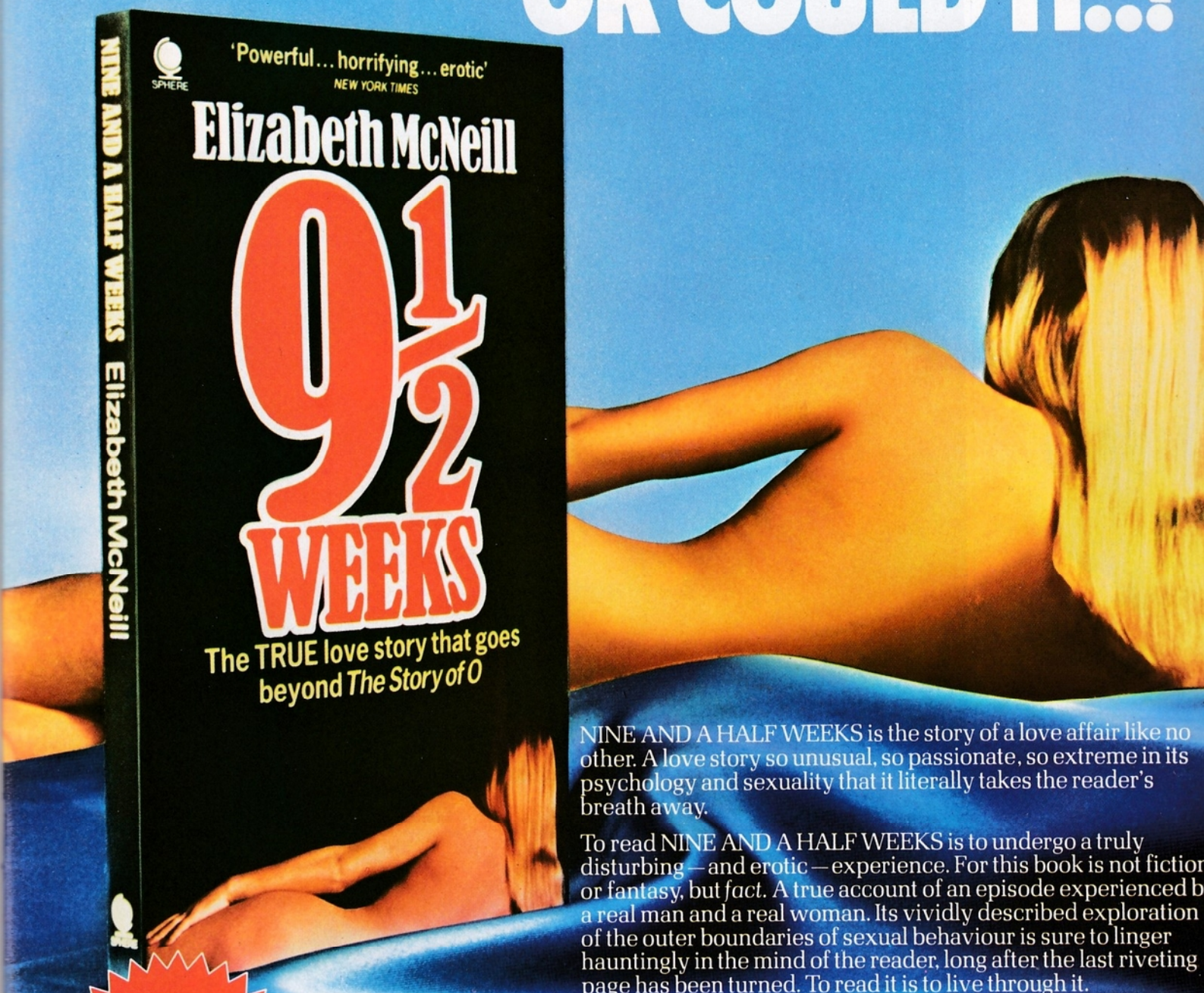
THE TRUE STORY OF AN EXPERIENCE THAT COULD NEVER HAPPEN TO YOU. OR COULD IT..?



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SPHERE

Published June 28th 1979

GEORGINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

'Until I was 15 I was as flat as a board,' confides 21-year-old Georgina Wilson. 'I used to creep to school in discreetly padded "trainer" bras and suffered agonies in the swimming baths. Then overnight it all happened. 'I went from nothing to a 38-inch D cup and ended up just as embarrassed as before because I was sticking out too much instead!' A shapeliness to which 38-26-36 inch Yorkshire lass Georgina has since happily adjusted.

Bradford-born Georgina hales from the fringes of the Brontë country, and still gets a thrill from trekking over Haworth Moor, scene of some of the most tempestuous episodes in *Wuthering Heights*. 'I must have read it half a dozen times when I was a teenager – it's still the most romantic story I know and very very sexy, though not in the explicit way you get in modern novels. I prefer

that. I enjoy sex as much as anyone, but basically I'm a dreadful romantic.' A wry grin. 'It makes life somewhat difficult when you have a fairly obvious "body". Not that I'd ever complain about having a nice shape!' And nor, Georgina, would we.

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Make the most of the one cold beer that matches the calm, gentle pace of a warm summer's evening. The one that stays clean, fresh and lively every drop of the way.

Cold it may be.
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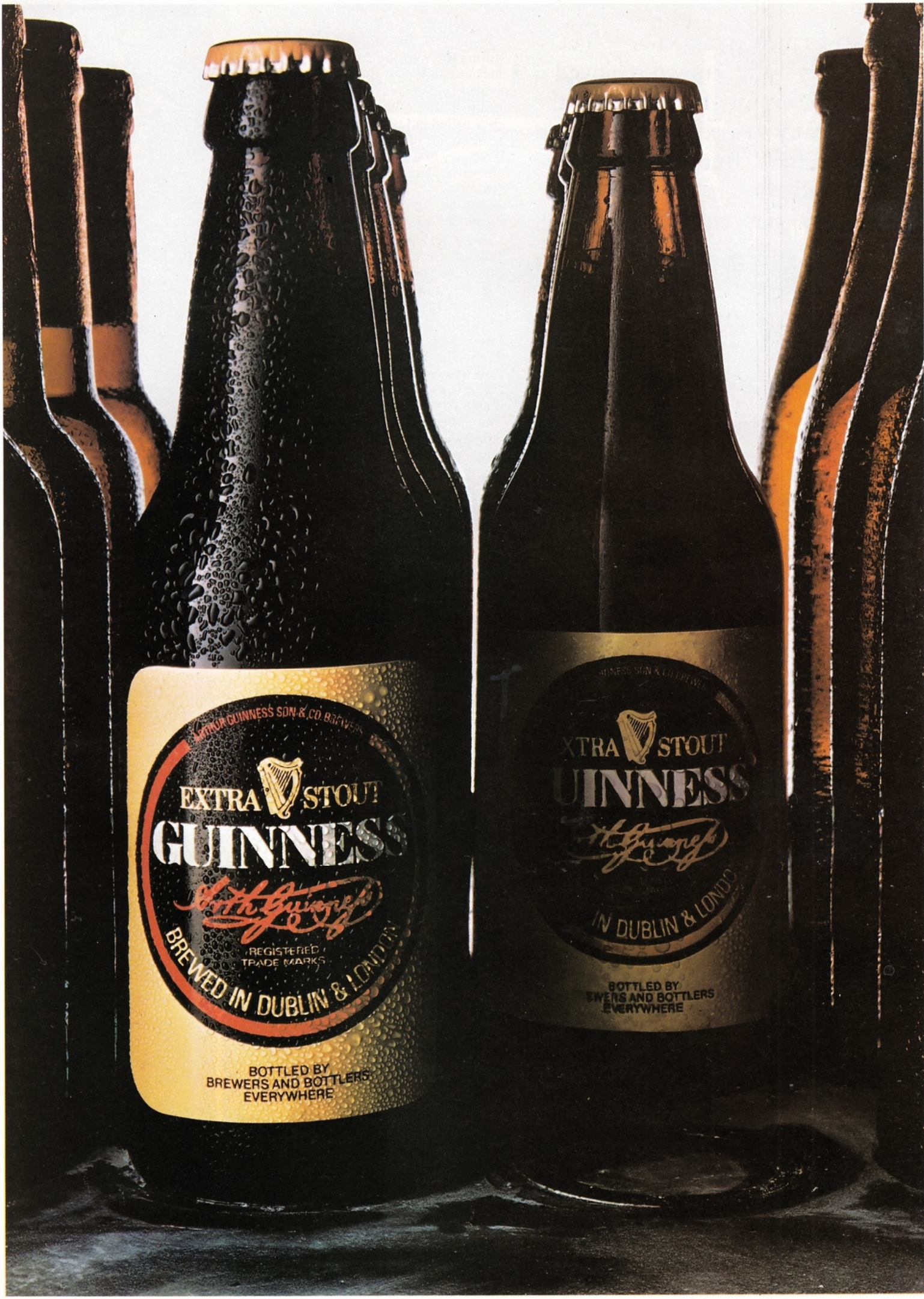
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REGISTERED TRADE MARKS
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BOTTLED BY BREWERS AND BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
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UINNESS
IN DUBLIN & LONDO
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EVERYWHERE

Lea-Francis cars, or 'Leafs' as they were known, enjoyed a brief run of fame until the company ceased production in the Fifties. But memories live on and owners of these classic quality cars cherish them still

EVERGREEN 'LEAFS'

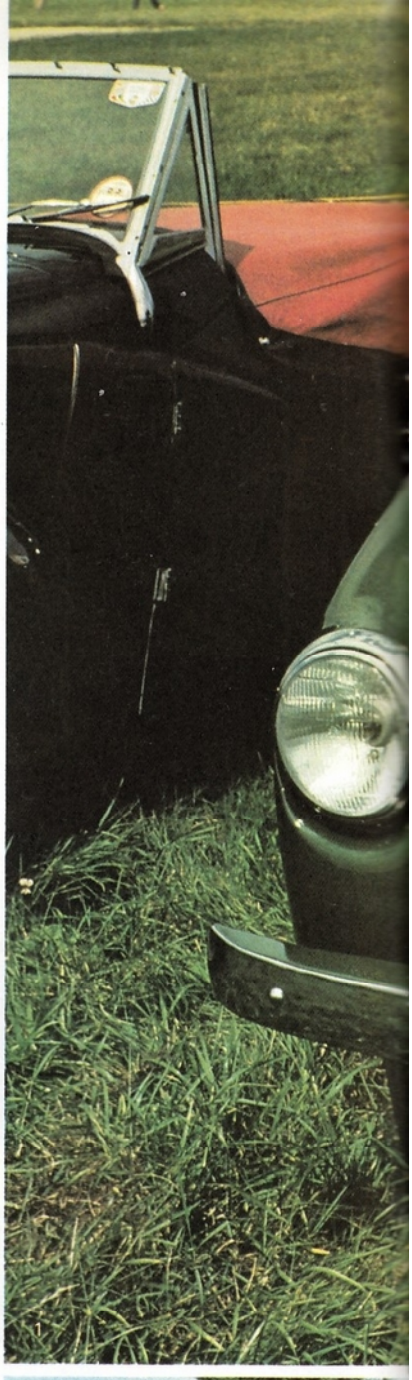
Motoring with William Boddy

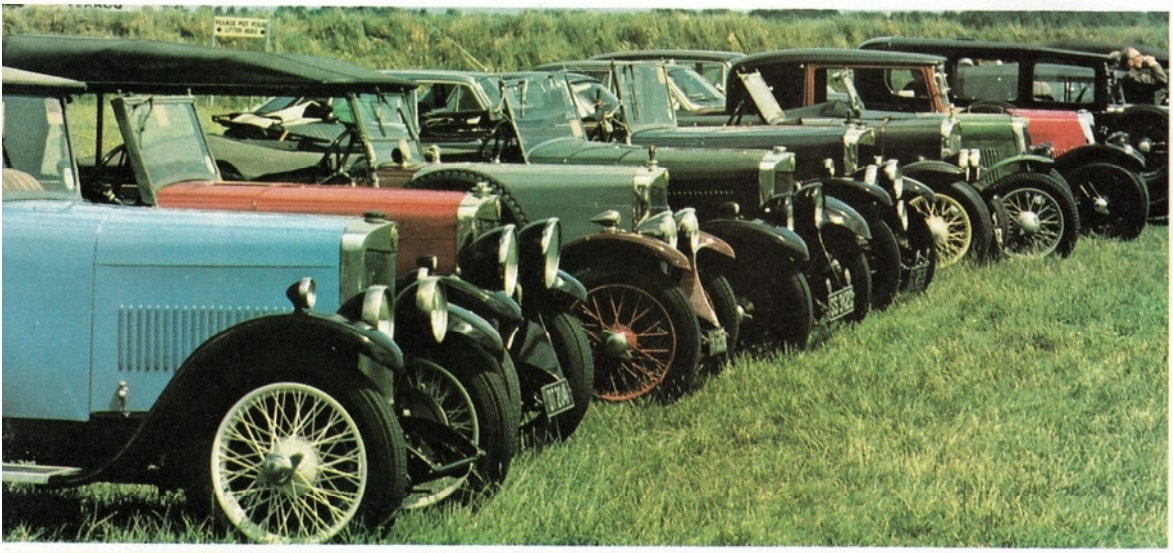
Photographed by Andrew Morland

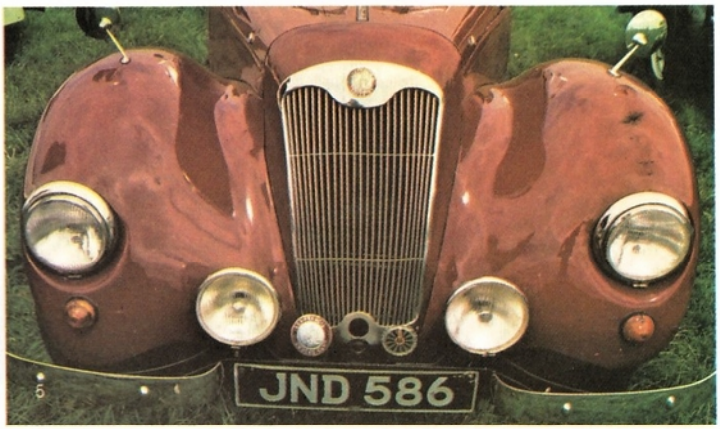
Coventry is the Motor City. I was there during the war, the day after the Luftwaffe had attempted to flatten it. Smoking and ruined to a degree, one knew it would live again. But if it had to be saved today and they called in Lady Godiva, there would be scarcely an openable-convertible made in Coventry in which she could ride – perhaps they would settle for an old, open Jaguar XK120?

It can be argued now that Coventry is no more the Motor City than Birmingham, Cowley or Dagenham. Yet it deserves the title, on account of the many motor manufacturers that started there, some like Jaguar/Daimler to thrive, others to enjoy their brief run of fame, if not exactly prosperity, before fading out like some dampened motoring squib. Of these, Lea-Francis is remembered with more affection than many of the smaller companies and it is a name about to be re-instated by Barrie Price, who took over its remains.

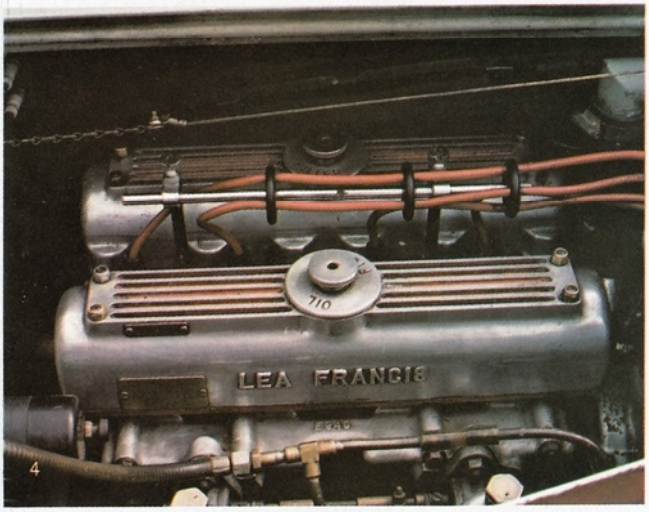
The full story of Lea and Francis is so complicated and involves so many great motor industry personalities, that I have







1: A 1948 14 hp sports model. 2: A 1928 TT Hyper is shown in the foreground along with a line-up of 1929 P Type models at a parade of Lea-Francis cars at Silverstone last year. 3: A rear view of 14 hp sports models. 4: 1930 P Type two-seater with a fixed head. 5: A front view of a 14 hp sports model built in 1948. 6: A line-up of the 1948 hp sports models. These beautiful cars did more than 24 miles to the gallon and had a top speed of 70 mph. They had a twin overhead camshaft similar to Rileys.



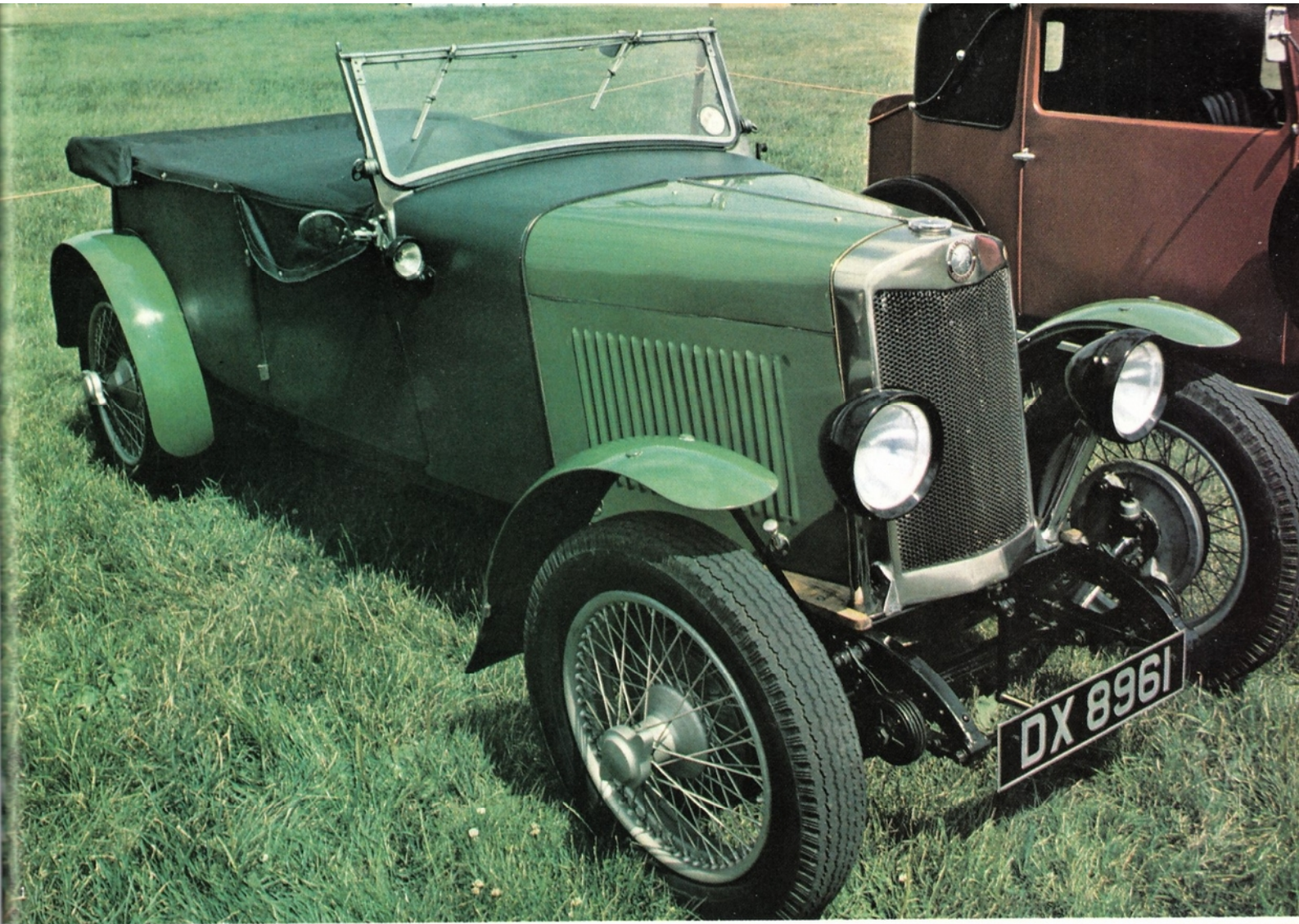
space to touch upon it but briefly. It was a make of many models and moods, as the fine pictures prove. They were taken at the Vintage Sports Car Club's Hawthorn Trophy race meeting last year at Silverstone circuit.

It began, as with other Coventry makes, with bicycles, then went on to motor cycles. The bicycles were high-class machines, made by a partnership formed in 1895. Both of the two men who formed the company were experienced in the cycle trade. Lea was 37 years of age, the son of a cabinet-maker, and the other chap was Graham Inglesby Francis, a widely-travelled, capable engineer. Throughout its career, the Lea-Francis Company had well-known engineers and motor-company personnel flitting through it.

The first whiff of petrol intruded in 1912, when the Lea-Francis Company came up with a twin-cylinder motor cycle to be made in the Lower Ford Street works in Coventry. It went into production in August that year, powered with a 3½ hp 430 cc JAP engine. This machine was a high-class job, engineered by C H Ingall, who had joined the firm in March 1912. It sold for £68 5s, would do some 45 to 50 mph, and one of the first to be made was purchased by George Bernard Shaw. It is said that the great dramatist arrived in person, in mid-winter, to collect it, had a few riding instructions, then waved the chauffeur of his Lanchester car aside, and wobbled off in the direction of London.

Lea-Francis high-grade motorcycles were

1: The 1928 TT Hyper model resulted from the experience and breeding that successful racing engenders. It was a lively period for Lea-Francis and a number of sound family cars were also produced on their thoroughbred chassis. 2: Another example of the 1928 TT Hyper model. 3: The distinctive badge of the Lea-Francis firm whose origins are firmly rooted in the prosperous cycle industry centred on Coventry at the turn of the century. The prototype Lea-Francis car of 1903, a three-cylinder model, was the first serious attempt by the company in the motor-car field. 4: The twin overhead camshaft engine of the 1948 14 hp sports model. 5: A 1928 TT Hyper. 6: A 1926 J Type model. 7: A 1929 P Type two-seater tourer. General production at the Lea-Francis company ended in 1954. A variety of factors caused them to reach the end of the line, not least of which was the crippling blow of double purchase tax. This hit in particular the makers of quality cars who had not the resources to survive. Later attempts to revive production were unsuccessful.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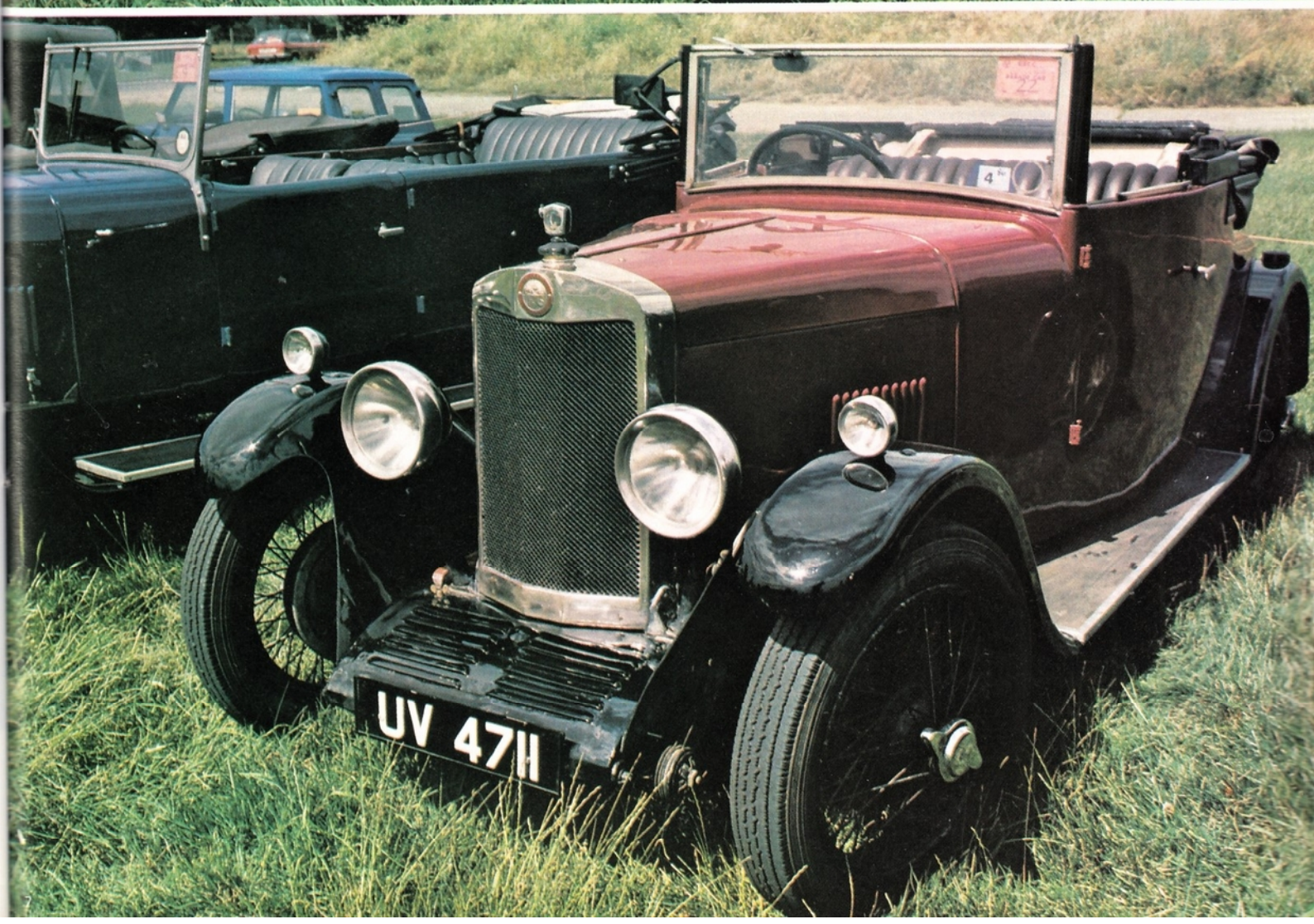

UV 47H

in full production by 1913, under Ingall, who became works manager, and later a director. Gordon Francis, son of the joint-founder, did much of the testing and rode machines in the reliability trials of the time for publicity purposes. Sidecar outfits were supplied and it seemed as if the now-appreciable business of Lea-Francis would continue in that direction. Until, that is, R H Lea, who had been using a 3½ hp Lea-Francis motor cycle with a box-bodied sidecar as his normal form of transport, was hit by a car while riding it in the centre of Coventry and his leg was broken. This seems to have directed his attention to the simple form of motor car and he patented a friction-drive transmission (substitute for a gearbox) for such, in 1917. It is of interest that where GWK was making cars with a friction-drive successfully, Lea preferred to use a pneumatic tyre engaging a cone-shaped flywheel instead of GWK's cork-lined friction disc.

In fact, long before this in 1903, Lea and Francis had engaged the consulting engineer, Alex Craig, to design one of the then new-fangled motor cars for them. Having offices in Hertford Street, Coventry, Craig, then 33, had served a railway apprenticeship, and became an electrical engineer. He then designed a car for Maudslay, whom he helped to set up in a factory at Parkside, Coventry. He prepared much the same sort of confection for the Lea and Francis partnership with a three-cylinder underfloor power plant. It was decidedly not a success but such cars were exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1904 and one was sold to Hans Renold, of the famous chain-making company that is still going strong. Although a separate Lea & Francis Motor Syndicate had been formed, and some two-cylinder automobiles were experimented with, this was wound up in 1909. So it wasn't until after the First World War that Lea-Francis cars came into their own. They were to flourish for many years.

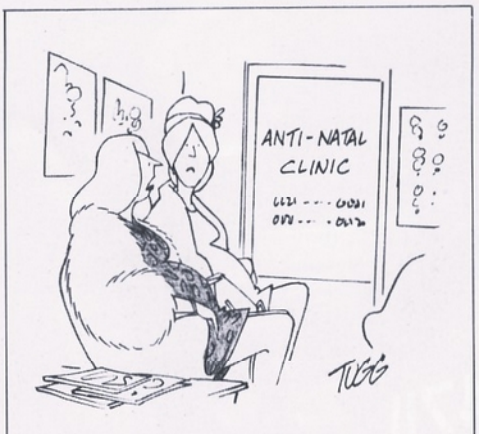
Arthur Alderson was engaged to plan the first of these in 1919. It turned out a heavy contraption, badly produced, and it dissipated the profits which Lea-Francis had amassed from war-time production. Only about half a dozen were sold, with a drastic drop in price from £700 to £395 each. The next venture was with simple twin-cylinder economy cars, three types in all; it will be kinder to gloss over these.

Things brightened up for Lea-Francis when C M Van Eugen joined them from Swift's and Vulcan, in December 1922. He did his best among the enormous quantity of raw materials and derelict stock the Lower Ford Street factory had accumulated. The result was a little 8.9 hp light car called the C Type, with a shapely radiator that was to become the L and F hallmark. Matters improved further when the 9.8 hp Meadows engine was adopted. This was a heavy power unit but it did have vertical overhead valves. The first car so engined by Van Eugen had a 'Chummy' body, to get all its occupants beneath the hood, a style made popular by the first Austin Seven.

The D Type Lea-Francis was quite a success, at £250, competing against and out-performing the luxury Humber 8/18 small car. Competition appearances enhanced the car's reputation, and improved models were quickly put in hand. However, the real breakthrough came when the 1½ litre push-rod overhead valve Meadows engine was installed in a sound Lea-Francis chassis. This lifted the make into the sporting category, an image it was to retain to the end. The first tentative experiments in using the new engine, the famous 4ED Meadows, came at the end of 1924. The advent of the 12/40 Lea-Francis using this new engine, the better of which probably produced 36 bhp at 4,100 rpm on the test bench, gave the company a brisk 70 mph car. Even those models with the 4EC Meadows engine, which delivered but 28 hp or thereabouts, at a modest 2,900 rpm, were by no means sluggish cars. From that day on, the old Lea-Francis company had everything going for it. Race days at Brooklands track were held, at which private owner customers could become speed-kings for an afternoon, in the same way as the Alvis and Lagonda people had encouraged owners of their cars to enjoy a day out on the Weybridge concrete. In more professional races and in the trails of the day the Lea-Francis was now very well established. There was a short flirtation with a complicated twin-cam six-cylinder car, really a Vulcan confection, the 14/40 (later the 16/80), which was less successful, before the other six-cylinder 'Ace of Spades' model emerged in 1930, hastily conceived by Van Eugen. This took its name from the spade shape of its timing-cover over the roller chains driving the single overhead camshaft.

Real fame came with the advent of the 'Hyper' sports models. With the now well-known and easily recognized radiator inclined in sporty and wind-defeating fashion, and a French Cozette supercharger applied to the well-established 4ED Meadows power unit with its machined three-bearing crankshaft and duralumin connecting-rods, the 'Hyper Leaf' really began to motor.

It got completely into the limelight in the first of the unique Ulster Tourist Trophy races, held near Belfast in 1928. For sports cars of all kinds, run on a handicap basis, this genuine road race gripped the imagination and attracted entries from the leading makers of sporting machinery. Enormous crowds watched it, telegrams were dispatched to the mainland recording the progress of the contestants round the tricky course. Lea-Francis put in five of the 'Hyper' blown cars, and Brooklands idol Kaye Don, driving in the 1½ litre class just managed to keep the new supercharged front wheel drive Alvis team cars behind his No 24 Lea-Francis, winning at fractionally over 64 mph after a drive lasting for nearly six hours. They bred racing drivers tough in the nineteen-twenties! That really put L and F on the motoring map. The winning car had a fabric two-seater body, a spare wire wheel shod with Avon tyre hung on the side, and the debonair white-overalled Kaye Don peered through a normal sort of windscreen, top panel open, of course.



'And then he told me it wasn't the vasectomy tie – it was the Third Gurkha Rifles . . .'

The 'Hyper' Super Sports Lea-Francis will always be associated with that 1928 TT victory. In 1929 a bevy of ten was entered for this now highly popular Ulster race. Success deserted them, Kaye Don retiring after only two of the 28 laps required of him, due to a broken piston.

The sporting line continued, the open-bodied cars proving popular in those pleasure-laden motoring years. The J type, introduced in May 1925, had sold 133 by the end of that year. The T Type, with the aforesaid 14/40 six-cylinder engine, was a bit of a blot on this comfortable scene but at least it was given a chassis less encumbering than the former heavy frame in which this Vulcan-devised engine sat. Much more representative of the make was the 12/40 Meadows powered P Type, which fitted in nicely between the 12/22 U Type and the quicker 12/50 O Type, for the 1928 season, the supercharged job being known as the Type S. As closed coachwork became more acceptable, handsome saloon and coupé bodies appeared on all the Lea-Francis chassis.

After the war double purchase tax, and other difficulties that the small-output companies found it hard to surmount, killed off the Lea-Francis organisation, although it offered some attractive cars with the high-camshaft Riley-like R H Rose-designed engines. These, the Twelve and the 1,767 cc SU-fed 65 bhp Fourteen, can be said to have carried on a fine tradition. Lea-Francis managed to continue to make their own saloon bodies in this post-war period, and they will be remembered, too, for the 'woody' station-wagons, built by a separate joinery down in Sussex. For 1949 some ambitious projects were in hand and Connaught made good use of the 14 hp engine for a Connaught sports car and in their Formula Two racing Connaughts. You still see Lea-Francis models well preserved in the hands of enthusiasts: you may even encounter one with a hard-worked 'woody' body behind the proud radiator. But as a car in regular production, the Lea-Francis story was over by 1962. Now we must wait and see how Barrie Price fares, with his promised revival of this famous name, using, I suspect, straight-six Jaguar motive power.

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SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU

Just a few miles from where 18-year-old Sue Masters has spent the greatest proportion of her life, there occurred the most important event in English history. For Sue, daughter of a former fisherman, was raised in the Sussex seaside town of Hastings. And as every schoolboy will tell you, just six miles north west good King Harold met his match in the form of wily William, Duke of Normandy. But history, says Sue, is a thing of the past. 'I gave all that up when I left school. It's so boring. I'm interested in today and tomorrow. Yesterday has gone forever.' Philosophy aside, pert-nippled Sue is a student at Sussex University in nearby Brighton. 'I don't think I'll finish the course somehow,' she confides. 'I don't really want a career: I think basically I was meant *not* to work.'

'I've always loved the sea and would much prefer doing something connected with sailing – perhaps signing on as a crew-member for one of those Greek Islands charters. We have our own boat which dad has moored at the new Marina at Brighton. It's only an eighteen-footer sailing yacht – pretty old at that, but I love going out in it. I only wish we could afford one like Michel had for the photo session.' But for all her fascination with the sea, Sue is not one for the idle sun-bathing life. 'Not that I get much chance of that in this part of the country – the beaches around here are all shingle – most uncomfortable on the posterior.'

Sue relaxes a little, sighs, and takes a long deep draw on her cigarette. 'Who knows,' she muses, 'maybe appearing naked in *Mayfair* could lead to a modelling career. Perhaps then I'll earn enough to pack it all in and go off on my dream yacht. Perhaps I could be another Claire Francis: I admire her so much.' Sue was a trifle apprehensive at first about revealing her petite 34–24–35 for our cameras. 'I didn't believe I had the figure,' she smiles, betraying the fact that she was, perhaps, kidding. As for boys, Sue has no serious commitments at present. Hastings, be warned about another Norman – not to mention Eric, Nigel, etc – invasion.

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Short-lived leviathans

continued from page 50

After the death of Count Zeppelin in 1917, the Zeppelin company had passed into the hands of Hugo Eckener, a former journalist who was as gifted at publicity as he was at piloting airships. Hampered by a post-war international agreement that limited the size of German dirigibles, and the German government's preference for aircraft, Eckener was still convinced there was a future in large, passenger-carrying airships. When the 1924 Locarno Pact lifted the size restriction he set about raising the necessary money himself. Exhausting lecture tours between 1925 and 1926 brought in three quarters of the £400,000 needed and finally the German government relented and made up the rest. The result was the most famous and successful airship ever, the *Graf Zeppelin*, 'an airship', as Eckener said, 'in which one would not merely fly, but would also be able to *voyage*.'

She was 775 feet long, 100 feet in diameter with a capacity of nearly four million cubic feet and cruising speed of over 70 miles an hour. Twenty passengers were accommodated in 10 two-berth staterooms and enjoyed a spacious lounge-cum-dining room with four large curtained windows and lightweight but plush furniture.

She made her maiden flight on September 18, 1928 and on October 11 lifted off from Friedrichshafen on her first transatlantic flight. Though Eckener was calculating on gaining maximum publicity for the voyage, events conspired to help him. In mid-Atlantic an unexpected squall ripped away fabric on the port stabilizing fin, almost disabling the craft. Radioing the US Navy for help, Eckener despatched a small party, including his own son, to crawl out onto the framework of the airship and effect repairs. A subsequent radio silence – caused by the reduced speed of the airship being insufficient to power its radio's propeller-driven generator – resulted in whipping up near hysteria in the United States. When the *Graf Zeppelin* appeared battered but safe over Lakehurst, New Jersey, she was mobbed by a relieved crowd of over 20,000 people.

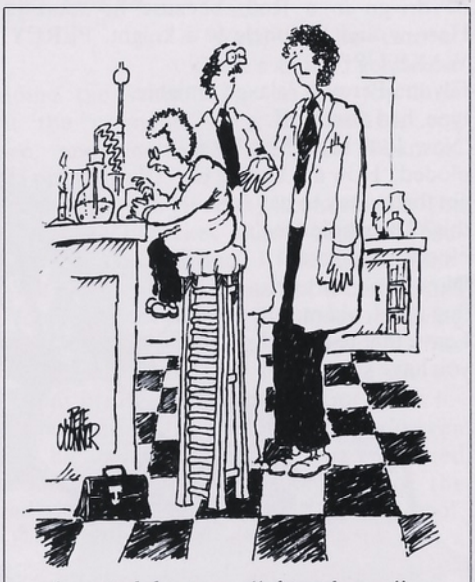
Though a considerable success, the flight convinced Eckener that a true transatlantic airship service would need a larger and more powerful craft; on the return trip he had encountered gales of 76 miles an hour, which rendered the *Graf's* 80 miles per hour maximum derisory. He dared not attempt a new public subscription. Instead he embarked on a carefully calculated publicity campaign, designed to loosen governmental and industrial purse strings. He began by inviting government officials and business leaders on a luxury 81-hour cruise of the Mediterranean in March 1929, flying low over the area's best known beauty spots.

Eckener's next scheme was his most ambitious and glamorous yet – a round the world voyage, financed by the American newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst and offering tickets at £1,000 a piece. The flight began – at Hearst's insistence – in America where the *Graf* lifted off from Lakehurst at 5.42 am on August 8, 1929.

The Atlantic crossing, direct to Friedrichshafen, was completed easily in just over 55 hours, and on the 15th she set course for her longest flight yet, direct to Tokyo. By six pm the same day she had crossed the Russian border and on the 16th passed over the Urals at a height of 3,300 feet. For 14 hours, from seven pm on the 16th to nine am on the 17th, the *Graf* flew at a steady 70 miles an hour over the desolate, largely uninhabited heartland of Soviet Asia. No more startling contrast could be imagined than between the plush, music-filled lounge of the cruising airship and the wildly beautiful but utterly impassable swampland below. An emergency landing here, in one of the remotest areas on earth, could only mean certain death.

Yet the most hazardous part was still to come. Fringing the east coast of Siberia were the largely uncharted Stanovoi Mountains. Easing the airship into a canyon, with no real certainty that it did not end in a mountain wall, Eckener guided the *Graf* between gradually narrowing walls of rock. At 4000 feet the airship was almost touching the rock face on either side, but the canyon showed no sign of ending. Eventually, at a height of 5,000 feet and to Eckener's intense relief, he spotted a pass high ahead. The *Graf* scraped through at 6,000 feet with just 150 spare feet below her keel. Pausing briefly at Tokyo – Eckener had fuel to fly straight on to America but decided that the Japanese would feel slighted if he bypassed them – he crossed the Pacific in 80 hours, touching down at Los Angeles at five am on August 26.

Here the *Graf* faced the first real emergency of the flight. A regular local phenomenon known as temperature inversion made the surface air cooler than that above. As a result, in order to land, the airship had to valve off a considerable volume of gas. During the following day hot sunshine made the gas expand and even more was expended automatically. When the time came to lift off Eckener found that the *Graf* was simply too heavy and local supplies of fresh hydrogen had been exhausted. In an attempt to lighten the craft, he sent some of the crew on to Lakehurst by train and cut fuel and ballast to the bare minimum. Eventually the *Graf* moved sluggishly into the air. Immediately a fresh problem arose.



'. . . And this is our "object lesson", Professor Korbutt, who, before making himself some coffee, neglected to clean the beaker thoroughly . . .'

Though she floated well enough in the cooler ground air, as soon as she reached the warmer, higher air she became heavy again. Eckener decided to use the power of the engines to force her aloft. With her nose high and the tail almost scraping the ground, the *Graf* began an agonisingly slow climb. Suddenly high-tension cables, stretching 65 feet above the ground, appeared directly ahead. There was no time to stop and a collision would mean annihilation. Instantly Eckener applied maximum elevator, kicking the airship's tail into the dirt but lifting its nose over the cables. But the rest of the *Graf's* 700-foot length still lay in their path. With consummate skill Eckener judged the exact moment to order 'Down elevator.' The nose pitched forward and the tail flipped upwards over the lethal wires. Eckener later judged the clearance at three feet. It was the closest the *Graf* ever came to destruction.

She landed at Lakehurst at 6.40 am on August 29, having completed the first airship circumnavigation of the world in 21 days, 7 hours and 34 minutes.

More voyages quickly followed. A south Atlantic crossing to Brazil in 1930, an arctic survey in 1931 and in 1932 a regular service to South America went into operation. The way was open for the greatest Zeppelin of all, the realisation of Eckener's passenger-carrying ideal. It was called the *Hindenburg*.

Backed now by the new Nazi government, for whom Eckener had no great love, he nevertheless had the resources to build an airship that could equal the comfort and luxury of a transatlantic liner.

Only slightly longer than the *Graf*, it had almost twice the cubic capacity and could cruise at 80 miles an hour. Twenty-five two-berth cabins were electrically heated and equipped with hot and cold running water. A 50-feet long promenade deck gave superb views through massive, outward slanting observation windows. There was a saloon, a dining room, a reading-and-writing room and – the supreme luxury on an airship – a fireproof smoking room. Double entrance doors kept its interior pressure higher than the rest of the craft so that stray hydrogen could not seep inside. As an added precaution all the lighters inside were chained down; passengers had to surrender all lighters and matches before they were allowed on board.

The *Hindenburg* had only one flaw, which proved fatal. Though Eckener had intended its gas bags to be filled with non-inflammable helium, the United States –

turn to page 82

We knew him well, Horatio:

Brian O'Hanlon recalls the triumphs and tribulations of suddenly acquiring

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR ROBINS

It was all Derek Glynne-Percy's fault. He invited me to his Stag Night at the *New Colonial Club* in Shepherd Market on August 30, 1962. It was arranged that I should stay with him in his Mayfair flat night to be sure he arrived prompt at the altar the following morning. I didn't make it. For some reason I insisted on driving my old Humber home to Chessington, had a row with a cabbie, and ended up in Gerald Road Police Station, Chelsea for the rest of the night. They took my licence away for six months and my car was sold to Mr Tony – as everyone called him – Max Setty's head waiter at the *Blue Angel Club* in Berkeley Street. Derek was Max's partner. Max was a benevolent despot who loved arranging everyone else's lives. Especially those of his close-knit coterie; his *corps d'elite*.

'Now look here, old man', said Max. 'I have sold your car to Mr Tony for £500, which I shall keep, because if I give it to you, you will only spend it because you're Irish and get drunk. When the time comes Glynne-Percy and I will get you another car. Don't worry about a thing, old man. Have a drink. Have two.'

'From where,' I enquired of Mr Tony, 'do *you* get £500, old man?'

'Oh, Meester O'Anlon, Homykrist', said Tony, one of life's ever-courteous men, making Italian deprecatory movements with his hands. 'Meester Setty, he don't give me nothing, and I don't pay 'im nothing. He give me the car, he take it out of my wages, because he say I don't to gamble any more, just like 'im!'

Max and Tony went to the dogs – literally – every night of the week. Tony acted as chauffeur. Max invariably won. Tony? Well Tony was always broke, which, in the ways of the West End, ensured a hundred per cent loyalty to Mr Max, the *Blue Angel*, and all who sailed in her.

About a month before my application for return of licence was to be heard at Bow Street, Max flapped his hands and summoned me to the Tour Sank, his office-cubbyhole in the corner of the main room at the club, with a flimsy partition between it and the kitchen. Sit down, old man. We have a car for you. Mr Farrelly at Bell's Motors, Kensington, is awaiting your visit, and Fatso, Mr Percy, my partner, here, and I, will come with you.'

We drove into Marloes Mews, W8. In the showroom, side by side, stood a new Humber Hawk and a splendid black old Rolls with large headlamps. I went to get into the Humber.

'No! No! No! Old man', said Max. 'Try the other.'

'You must be bloody well joking!'

'No, old man', said Max, opening the back door and climbing in to the luxurious back seat behind the driver's glass partition. 'Fatso here has always wanted to be driven in a Rolls because he went to Harrow and his uncle is a knight. PERCY, WAKE UP!'

Glynne-Percy, a relaxed amiable type, had dozed off.

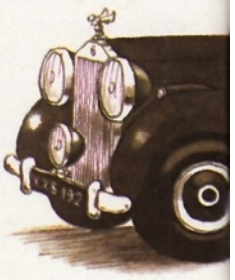
'Now, look here, Max!' I exploded. 'How am I going to get the money to pay for this? The whole idea's bloody ridiculous!'

'Now don't start getting upset, old man. Leave that to me. All you have to do is to drive it and pay for it. Mr Percy here, loves being driven in a Rolls to go grouse-shooting – if only he can keep awake!'

Max and Desmond Farrelly of Bell's Motors put their heads together and came up with a hire purchase agreement. For £1,645 the car was mine. Max paid him my £500 down, and that was that.

But it wasn't. *I* couldn't drive. *I* was still disqualified. So, at the age of 30, I became a Rolls-Royce owner, disbarred from driving it myself and not rich enough to employ a chauffeur. But that bonnet and that magnificent wheel, the smell of real leather, and the dashboard controls with switches everywhere. Especially the one that worked the glass partition and the rear window blind!

It was a Silver Wraith, the small touring limousine version, with a Mulliner body and it was registered in 1949. It had big Lucas headlamps and the first suspicion of a streamlined back. The registered number was KXB 192 and the chassis number WFC 193. The original owner had been a Lancastrian mill owner called Eli Higham and he had sold it to a chap who went abroad and had it for only a short time. I owned it for fourteen years. When I bought it it was thirteen years old and the mileometer showed 68,000. I'd put 52,000 on it before we parted.

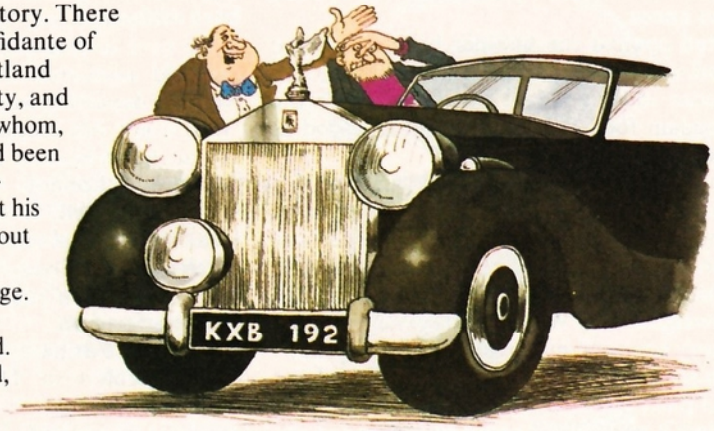


I rang up Tom Merrin. An old Fleet Street friend. A pugnacious East-Ender with a glowing turn of phrase and Uncles for every occasion. There was Uncle Bert, who went in to see condemned men, and asked them

memories of a classic Rolls

an eye-catching example of what is still the world's most prestigious car

to flog him their life story. There was Uncle Fred, confidante of the Underworld, Scotland Yard and High Society, and Uncle Someone-else, whom, according to Tom, had been brought up with Rolls-Royces and had taught his nephew everything about them.

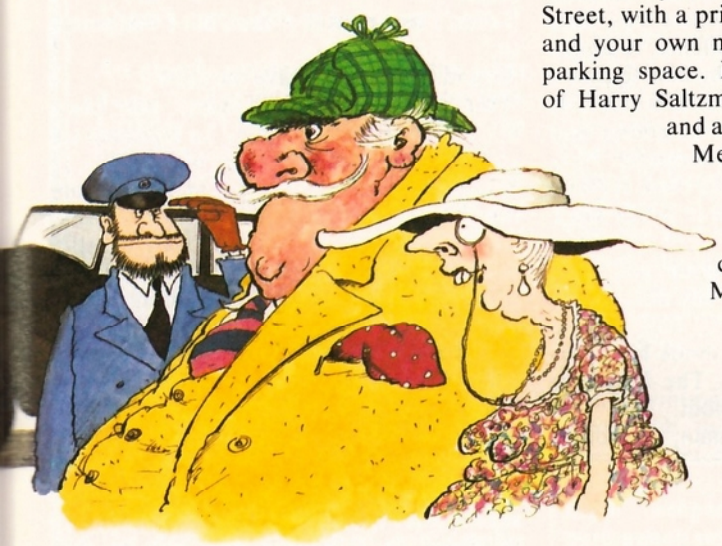


We arrived at the garage. Merrin climbed in the driver's seat and farted.

'Look here', I snapped, rapping the glass partition: 'Cut that out at once. And use your handkerchief instead of gobbing out the window!'

'I know wot I'm doing!' roared Merrin, putting the car full-speed astern. 'You just take a schtum powder, and sit back like the bleedin' plutocrat you've just become!'

We stopped, turned and purred off. 'Where to?'



'Oh-er, London Airport! It's a straight run and will put the car through its paces.'

'Wotcha going to name it?' barked Thomas, snorting furiously. 'Wot about Marmaduke, or something equally fucking stupid which behoves a jumped-up Mick like you?'

'No', I replied. 'His name's HORATIO. It has a grand ring about it, without being prissy.'

But Thomas wasn't listening. He had found the quick window-winder. Pulling it down with one sweep he peered down at the driver in a Mini who had tried to cut us up.

'If *you* don't get that fucking lunch box away from me I will put you both in the boot and lock you up – AND THROW THE FUCKING KEY AWAY!'

I rapped again. 'Now, look here, you must try and behave with dignity. People who drive Rolls are not expected to indulge in shout-ups with other drivers.'

'How', said Merrin, 'would YOU bleedin' know. You're nothing but a fucking road convict. Branded by Her Majesty's Justices as a drunken driver. Hey, let's have five.'

'What for?'

'To fill the bleedin' tank up. Do you think it runs on air?'

We returned to Horatio's new home. The multi-storey car park in South Audley Street, with a pride of Rolls on every floor and your own name hanging above your parking space. Mine was between those of Harry Saltzman of James Bond fame and a distinguished bookmaker.

Merrin left me and I climbed behind the wheel, put him in reverse and drove him up and down the curling floor levels. Mr Murray, the superintendent, regarded us with some amusement.

'Are you playing with your car, sir?'

'Yes', I said, blushing at being caught in the act.

'Well, do be careful. There's another gentleman doing the same thing on the top floor at the moment. He's disqualified, you see, and can't take his new Phantom III out himself!'

In March I was given my licence back. The *Blue Angel's* cricket club thought it absolutely marvellous until I told them, somewhat tartly, Horatio was not a charabanc. I found almost at once that I was receiving many more wedding invitations than before. Horatio, you see, made an excellent bridal car and during our years together we did forty weddings. Horatio even had his own white ribbon which was tied around the Flying Lady on top of the radiator and up to and inside the sun-roof. Of course, it saved me having to give a present myself. There is a dear old bat in Cheltenham who to this day is convinced that I am married to my sister-in-law, Barbara Brogden, and that Vivian, my idiot half-brother, was the chauffeur!

One of the *Blue Angel's* cricket club members in those days was Stuart Allan, manager of the May Fair Hotel. He hired us for a publicity picture showing me shaking hands with a silver-haired gentleman who kept on saying: 'First class, first class . . .' I took Stuart aside. 'What's the matter with him. Has he been at the gin and cornflakes too?'

'Don't be stupid', said Stu. 'He's a male model and we've paid him to say those words. It's to keep the right expression on his face.' I spent the rest of that morning shaking hands and saying 'First class' too.

'How much are you getting paid?' the old distinguished gentleman asked me.

'Well, nothing, I suppose. It's just a favour for a friend!'

'Ah! My boy. Be advised. Put a cash stipulation on such friendships. After all, would he have asked you to oblige if you hadn't got a Rolls?'

Some time later a photographer rang and asked if he could borrow Horatio for an advertisement to go in the *New Yorker*. An American. 'You see, we want something

very Englishy. An old Rolls with a chauffeur and a typical English aristocratic couple watching the action at a point-to-point.'

'A £100,' I said.

'That's crazy!'

'No, sensible.'

'Well, OK. A "C" for the car, and you as chauffeur.'

'No, sir. My services will cost a further £50.'

'It's goddam robbery.'

'Well, you could always ring up an agency and get someone else. I think the rate for a day's work is something in excess of £100. Oh, er, *plus* expenses.'

'OK, OK. This is turning into one hell of a clambake. You should see the coupla aristos I got from the funny farm.'

The two old people are now long since dead. I won't tell you their real names because there is no point. Suffice it to say that he was 'Buffy', one of the old Indian Army School. Buffy and 'Tiddles' had been married in the summer of Empire at Cawnpore. Genteel, but hard up, and a little natural in their heads, they were looked after in a refined country home for distressed gentlefolk who had fallen on hard times and whose memories were not, well, of the utmost clarity.

Fred the photographer scrambled into the front passenger's seat and gave me a peaked cap.

We were going down to Charing in Kent for the point-to-point and were to pick up Buffy and his lady en route. I am not really overfond of Americans and Fred was a particularly odious member of the genre. Gauche, brittle. A metropolitan urchin from the New World.

'Say, the brigadier and his old broad, I hear they can be difficult. Can you pitch in?'

'I will speak to them in English, if that will help', I replied stiffly.

Fred choked on his gum and relapsed into silence.

They were expecting us and as Horatio swept up the gravel drive the old gentleman in plus fours and deerstalker pointed with his stick and shouted: 'You are late! Why isn't that man in uniform?'

'Ah! Holy ossified Oliver!' groaned Fred.

I nipped out, came to attention and drew off a magnificent salute, helping Tiddles into the back and putting the rug around her knees.

Fred opened the hamper he had ordered and said a few more ossified Olivers. 'It's booze man, goddam booze. Where's the goddam food. I hafta photograph food as well as sherbert!'

Buffy fixed him balefully and very squarely in the eye: 'Look here, I never mix business with pleasure. The port is medicinal and the whisky improves the taste of the soda water!' He turned to me and nodded towards Fred: 'Why is he travellin' with us? Can't you send him behind with the guns?'

Finally, we were all in Horatio. I had put the partition up. Buffy pressed the button; down it went. 'And comb your hair and put your regimental tie on, otherwise you'll be on damn defaulters!'

For the rest of the journey Fred favoured his own communion. 'Jeez. It's not real. Just tell me it's not really happening. How the hell did they *ever* get kicked out of India?' he asked his camera case.

The car park attendant wasn't exactly helpful. 'You can't park where you like, and that's final.' he said, sullenly. A shooting stick's sharp end caught him squarely in the belly. Buffy's red veins stood out. 'Go and get the steward of the course and present the compliments of Brigadier Fox-Linton. And when you come back remove that line of cars over there. AND GET YOUR HAIR CUT!'

'Buffy!' said Tiddles. 'How could you . . .?'

Buffy might have been in his dotage but never forgot 'the form'. The course steward came up and they shook hands, as two old friends always do. The Brigadier explaining what it was all about.

'Well look,' said the head man, 'why don't we hold up the racing until you are both in position, and then come and have a glass of lunch with me. We will feed the other two in the four ale tent!'

Buffy and Tiddles climbed out through the sun-roof opening and sat on top. I proferred food and drink on a silver salver, and Horatio gleamed his best. We went back without Fred. 'If he ever finds out I came over to England to escape the draft, that old sonofabitch will have me shot!' were his departing words.

'Why don't you employ a chauffeur yourself at the weekends, such as when you go and watch London Irish play rugby?' a friend suggested. It sounded like a good idea, so I contacted an agency. Nothing much happened until they sent a man I shall call Joseph round to see me on the Friday afternoon.

'Do you take drink?'

'Never touch it, sir. The curse, if I may say so, of civilisation.'

Joseph appeared a little flushed, I thought, but his breath smelt of peppermint.

'Well, I'm going to the rugger at Sunbury tomorrow. Care to drive me there and wait until I want to leave. Say about ten-thirty or so?'

'Indeed, sir. An' did you say a fiver in me hand?'

'I didn't, as a matter of fact, but I was going to.'

'Grand. Then that'll save me asking.'

'You must be mad, old man,' said Max Setty. 'An Irishman driving an Irishman to an Irish rugby match. You're barmy!'

Joseph dutifully appeared at twelve on the dot in a well-cut Lovat grey uniform, gloves and cap. His face looked a little redder, if anything, than the previous day but, I told myself, it *was* a raw, biting morning.

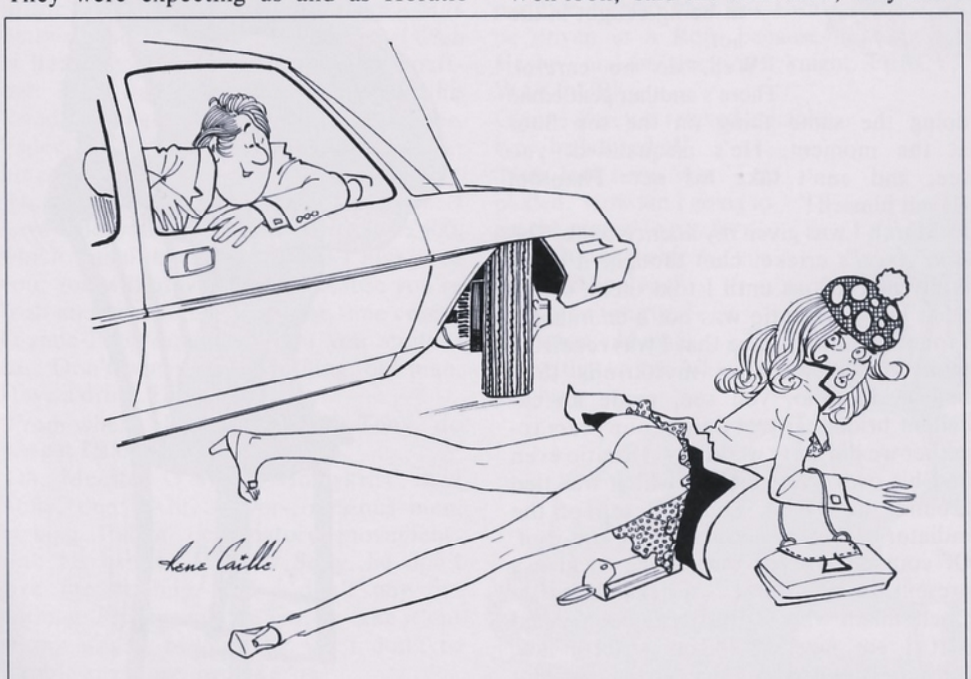
He drove perfectly, never once grinding the venerable gears. His pull-aways were smooth and his courtesy to other road-users marked. We drove in, amidst great ribaldry. I alighted – one never somehow 'got out' of Horatio – and Joseph said he'd see me after the match.

In those days we had two bars at the ground. One drank in the main pavilion immediately after the match and drifted over to Fitz's Bar, the old pavilion, around nine-ish. As I walked over I heard a recently familiar voice raised to 'The Rose of Tralee'. I opened the door. There was Joseph, stood on the singer's chair, acknowledging the applause. 'An' now, ladies and gentlemen. A recitation: "Fuck Germany; Fuck Japan . . . but if Mary Brady wants her baby then I'm her only man!"' There was a roar of protest from the ladies and I saw the secretary making a bee-line in my direction.

I locked Horatio, left him there, and hailed a taxi. Sunbury to Camden Town and back to Earl's Court: £8. Even in those days. As I paid the cabbie off I caught sight of a BR poster which said: 'Next Time Take The Train!'

Horatio and I did an awful lot together. The weekend at Nobby Noddles for

turn to page 80



'No, don't move an inch until the police have taken your statement.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The young and developing girl shop assistant had accidentally cracked the shopfront window. As the crack was quite small, the proprietor phoned a glazier to undertake the repair.
Having weighed the job the glazier took a drill from his bag and made a tiny hole about half an inch from the end of the crack. The watching shop assistant asked why he had done so. 'Well, Miss,' replied the glazier, 'the crack will eventually get bigger but when it comes to the hole it will stop.'
'Goodness gracious,' replied the girl, 'so that's what my navel is for.'

Why is artificial insemination so successful?
There's no chance of a cock-up.

An elderly gentleman visited the local house of ill-repute to celebrate his 80th birthday. The madame, to honour the occasion, took the man to her best girl.
When they were alone, the girl ran through the list of her specialities but the old man just told her to undress and lay down. She looked up to see him stripped, but putting in a pair of ear-plugs.
Next, she watched him put a set of nose plugs in and place a contraceptive on his penis. As he came to the bed, she stopped him and said: 'I know why you use the contraceptive but, quite frankly, the ear and nose plugs have me confused.'
The gentleman removed one earplug and said: 'This is going to be the best birthday of my life, but I simply can't stand the smell of burning rubber or the sound of screaming women.'

The teacher came into the Stone Age classroom and asked the children to take out their stone tablets, their hammers and their chisels for some dictation.
'Right,' she said, 'the lion is the king of the animals.' The children chipped away at their tablets.
'Next, the lion is beautiful'.
All the children chiselled away again.
'Third, the lion is virile.' The children took it down, except, that is, for the dunce at the back of the class, who turned to his friend and said: 'How do you spell virile, one ball or two?'

A hillbilly armed with a rifle over one shoulder and a jug over the other stopped the city slicker and said, 'Stranger, take a slug outa my jug.'
'No thanks,' replied the city man.
'Drink!' demanded the hillbilly, pointing his rifle at the man's head.
The city slicker drank, then spluttered, 'Aaagh, that's terrible.'
'Ain't it though?' agreed the hillbilly.
'Now you hold the gun on me while I take a drink.'

A honeymoon couple was travelling to Edinburgh by train on an overnight sleeper. Unfortunately for them, they had been booked into a shared four-berth compartment which had two berths each side, one above the other.
The husband who was sleeping above his wife in the top bunk was woken in the middle of the night when the train stopped at Darlington.
'Honey,' he whispered to his wife, 'wouldn't it be lovely if we made love and you conceived and we called our first child Darlington which would always remind us of our honeymoon.'
His wife agreed and quietly he climbed down to the lower bed and started to perform. However just at the crucial moment the train started off again with a terrific jolt and he tumbled out of bed.
'George, George, where's my darling George?' cried his distressed wife.
'I don't know where George is lady,' came the voice of the chap in the upper bunk opposite, 'but Darlington's up here with me.'

It was Saturday night at the local dance hall. The Scotsman noticed a shy young beauty sitting down by the dance-floor and headed in her direction.
'Wud'ya like to dance?' he asked her in his heavy brogue.
'I'd be delighted,' she said.
To which he quickly replied: 'Well you'll no be needing yer chair then.'

During a particularly seamy rape trial the young victim was too embarrassed to answer when the prosecutor asked her what the defendant had said to her before the alleged assault. She asked if she could write the answer on a piece of paper, and the judge agreed. After reading the note, the judge instructed the bailiff to pass it to the jury. One young lady juror who had been dozing was nudged by the man sitting next to her and handed the note which read: 'I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before.' She read it, smiled, and slipped it into her handbag. When the judge ordered her to pass the note along she replied: 'I can't, your honour, it's personal.'

An Irishman on 'Mastermind' was asked to name three historical figures.
'Ummmm, Florence Nightingale, George Washington,' answered Patrick, scratching his head, 'and Dick de Shit.'
A loud murmur in the audience was silenced by Patrick's friend, Mick, in the back row who got up and said: 'Excuse me, Mr Magnusson, 'Oi tink he means Richard de Turd.'

A dignified matron from Goa
Invited me upstairs to show her
A kinky position
For having coition,
Then gave me a fiver to blow her.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Horatio

continued from page 78

instance. Nobby had worked on the Rex North column on the *Daily Mirror* and we had become very close friends. He left and moved up to Lincolnshire, and invited me for the weekend.

The night after my arrival we visited Stilton, the village of the famous cheese, had some of the local product and some good '45 vintage to go with it. We lost our way back to Nobby's and I came to a dead end down a rutted farm lane. Nobby woke up, called the farmer out of bed and after half an hour's swearing and sweating I finally managed to turn the car round and we were on our way once more.

The next morning, back in London, I picked up the *Daily Mail, Daily Express* and *Daily Mirror*. 'When a Rolls Wouldn't Roll' ran one headline. It said how Brian O'Hanlon, West End show biz executive, had got his Rolls stuck at Bemelsthorpe, a Rutlandshire hamlet; and how Mr and Mrs Brown, a farming couple, had helped him turn it round. It further stated that Mr O'Hanlon was going to entertain them at the *Savoy* as a gesture of thanks – and what was more they were coming.

I made a swift phone call.

'No', said the girl, in Nobby's agency. 'He's gorn. He ain't here. All poshed up. To London I think. Believe he said something about meeting a Mr O'Hanlon at the *Savoy*.'

Stuart Allan rang me one Friday afternoon in my old Pigalle office in Piccadilly. 'Chum', his mid-Atlantic tones whispered: 'Can you take my old Mom to Waterloo on Sunday morning, in the old car, huh?'

Stuart's mother came out of their Maida Vale flat slightly flustered, looking at Horatio.

'Now lookit Mom', assured her son: 'We're going to Waterloo to put you on the train for Bourne*mouth*. We're not off to a goddam funeral!'

Stuart really enjoyed my old bus. I couldn't let him down so I drove into the main road right through the middle of the station that is used for ceremonial occasions and greeting the great. In the rear view mirror I saw the blue of the railway police approaching. I alighted and helped Mrs Allan out and Stuart took his mother's arm and led her on to the waiting Bournemouth Belle.

'Now, sir', said the copper, resignedly. 'Would you mind telling me what this is all about? I mean, you're not one of those funny buggers? Haven't come here to take the Auntie Sis, have yer?'

'Sorry mate', I quavered, in my best rough-edged Londonese. 'The guvner's just took his old girl off to the Bournemouth train. I dunno if his secretary sorted it out with your bloke, I'm sure. But I'll only be five minutes.'

'Don't worry, mate', said the copper, offering me a fag. 'Those sort of people think the whole bloody universe revolves just for them. They think because they own a Rolls they're Jesus Christ Almighty.'

Stuart became somewhat tedious after that. Would I take him and his fiancee to the first night of *The Boys From Syracuse*. 'You don't hafta dress up, chum, honestagod!'

Girlfriends. You'd think a Rolls would make a difference. You'd be surprised. There was, for example, Victoria. We used to row. She then used to get into the back and press the partition button up. I would press it down again, from my driving compartment, and up and down, down and up it would go all the way down Tooting Bec to Sutton. There was Marie who wouldn't come down the stairs of her Bayswater flat unless it was parked right outside. There was Annie, a voluptuous rich lady who didn't understand why people stayed anywhere else but Claridges when they came to London. 'They have proper coal fires there, dahling . . .' We ended our relationship when a farmhand caught us having close order combat in the back, as we parked on Lord Somebody's Yorkshire estate. 'But, dahling, that common man will tell everybody; absolutely everybody, and I will never be invited to the Hunt Ball again.'

The truth was that Horatio was not exactly a bird-puller. Those females who thought it was their station in life expected it anyway, but others froze up inside it, and I could feel the chill for the rest of the evening. It was summed up neatly one ghastly Sunday when Victoria had played up for most of the day and we had returned from the south coast soon after lunch. As we drove through Streatham High Road and stopped at the lights a man at the kerb said to his friend: 'Just look at that old bag over there. She's only in that car for what she can get out of it.'

Horatio wasn't a paragon of all the virtues all of the time. Some of the refinements of the fifties and sixties had come after his time. The heating was archaic and the demisting nearly non-existent. He went through a calorstat – for opening and closing the grill – about every eighteen months and each time a tyre burst a new one had to be bought for £25. I would like, here, to acknowledge the many kindnesses and help given to us by Mr Richens of H A Fox at Richmond. He, literally, saved me a packet. He liked the old boy and realised that it wasn't a firm's car, set against tax, but that all bills came out of my own pocket. The RAC, too, were extremely good at getting us back. We boiled up at Newmarket; came to a dead halt when the dynamo went in the middle of Princes Street in Edinburgh and I went to Tenby to retrieve Horatio from an unauthorized trip when he was 'borrowed' by the flower people of the mid-sixties.

I had by now driven all my best friends' brides to the church and taken Bride and Groom away afterwards to their wedding breakfast. Horatio, however, was becoming expensive. A bill for £500 hit me Christmas 1976 for new cylinders. Two went again the next year, which meant a bill for a further £200. I had also spent £2,800 in 1972 on what the Royal Navy would call a total re-fit. Re-chroming, re-spraying, repairing the leaking roof and French polishing the dashboard. There was also the matter of new leather for the driver's seat.

Finally, on January 4, 1977 I drove him to a garage near Kew Gardens and said goodbye. He needed a new owner. Someone with the wherewithal to treat him as a pet to be coddled and taken out only on high days and holidays.

Even now I often dream about him and the many memories from that March day in 1962 until the first few days of '77 come flooding back. If your reaction is to say: 'So what, it's only a car', then I don't think you will have bothered to read this far because a particular sort of car can become just as much part of one's life as a dog, cat or horse. Or even a lady.

'I knew it would take more than a keel hauling to worry a gourmet like Fatty Perkins!'

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Postcard received at 'Mayfair' offices.

Short-lived leviathans

continued from page 75

then the world's sole producer of the gas – refused to part with any and hydrogen was used instead.

After a maiden flight on March 23, 1936, she began a regular transatlantic run, making 10 round trips to New York and seven to Rio de Janeiro. In March 1937 she was temporarily withdrawn from service so that 20 new cabins could be installed. The work complete, she left Frankfurt-am-Main on May 4 with 97 people on board, bound for New York. At 7.25 pm on May 6, after an uneventful Atlantic crossing, she hovered 75 feet above the ground at Lakehurst, engines idling, as ground crew secured her trail ropes. What happened in the next few seconds is probably the best documented aerial catastrophe known. As the newsreel cameras turned, a flame shot from the airship's stern; instantly the *Hindenburg* was sinking earthwards as its seven million cubic feet of hydrogen ignited in a continuous explosive roar. In 32 seconds the world's greatest airship no longer existed, 35 of those on board and one of the ground crew were dead and the era of passenger-carrying airships had ended in the most spectacular and conclusive manner.

The cause of the disaster has never been satisfactorily explained. Hugo Eckener, after sifting the evidence, believed that a discharge of static electricity had ignited leaking hydrogen which had collected in the upper fin. But sabotage has never been ruled out and Nazi Germany had more than enough enemies.

The outbreak of war put a final stop to Eckener's dreams and both the *Graf* and a newly completed successor, *Graf Zeppelin II*, were hurriedly converted to scrap to build war planes for the Luftwaffe.

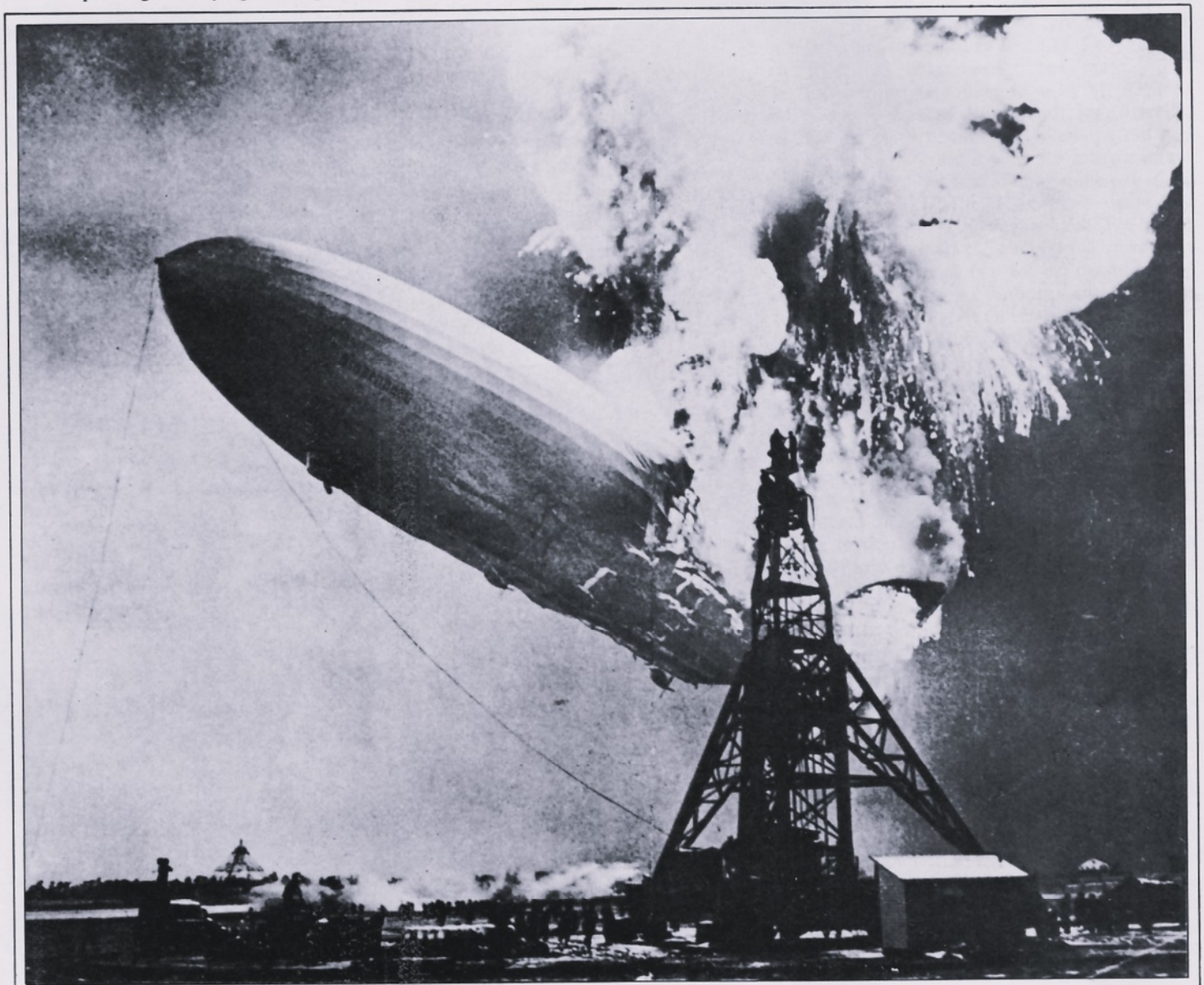
Yet the airship had not died completely. In a less spectacular form, as the non-rigid blimp, it performed sterling service on wartime convoy patrol. Throughout the whole of World War Two not one ship guarded by blimps was ever lost.

This defensive role continued into the sixties when US Navy blimps filled a vital gap in America's early warning system until new long distance aircraft and more powerful land-based radar stations replaced them.

But, while a handful of commercial blimps continue to putter intermittently about the skies, what future does the airship have? Experts have calculated that a modern passenger-carrying dirigible would offer little economic advantage over a Jumbo jet, though almost certainly a lot more comfort. However the airship could provide a unique service as a freight carrier.

Unlike the aeroplane, its efficiency increases with its size. An airship 1,000 feet long, with a diameter of nearly 200 feet, could travel at 120 miles an hour and offer a million cubic feet of cargo space. Operating under weather conditions that would ground a plane, such craft could transport the heaviest plant – not to say standard size containers – direct from the factory to the customer, more swiftly and with less chance of breakage than any other vehicle. Unlike any modern jet, they would also be virtually silent; a nuclear-powered airship – a concept the Russians are currently studying – would be completely silent, and capable of remaining aloft indefinitely.

Today's advanced technology – plus abundant supplies of non-inflammable helium – could easily rule out even that 'millionth chance' of disaster. Perhaps the true age of the airship is only just beginning.



Fire destroyed Germany's 'Hindenburg' in 32 seconds as it hung above Lakehurst, New Jersey on May 6, 1937: the cause is still unknown.

The Mayfair Film Society

Six of the most sensational girls ever to appear in *Mayfair* star in our exclusive colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (left) is just one of the six sexy superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full-colour 8mm home movies, each one of them a sizzling masterpiece of erotic entertainment. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or restrain Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her office misadventures leave her beautifully bare. If you find uniforms a turn-on, you'll just love air-hostess Sophie, a long legged brunette whose crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking leaves her white blouse moulded tantalisingly to the lush curves of her pert, long-nippled breasts. Then there's Victoria Jane, soft and cuddly in an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless, bare and beautiful. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, one of the most popular pin-ups in the country. We've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing from your eyes. Perhaps you also go for young, swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with all the sex-appeal of a young Monroe. Finally, there's Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge, stubby-nippled breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia; six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp, full colour 8mm films that you can enjoy again and again in your own home. The price is £9.25 per film and that includes postage and packing. Fill in the coupon below, remembering to specify which of the films you require, send it off, and soon you'll be enjoying the finest, freshest, and most arousing, home movies that star *Mayfair's* magical maids.

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PENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY PETER FLODQUIST

Beautiful raven-haired Penny Jones has a teasing, sultry quality to her expression which makes a sharp contrast to her great sense of humour and zest for life.

A delightful 19-year-old with a pert 34-23-35 figure, Penny says that she loves her home town of Newcastle and couldn't imagine a more exciting place to live. 'My father works at the docks and our family has been here for many generations. Newcastle must be in my blood.' Penny works in a department store at the moment but doesn't plan to stay much longer. 'I just couldn't bear to stay in the same job for long. I want to try as many jobs as possible. So far I've had seven since leaving school when I was 16.' Her most disastrous job was waitressing when she spilled a plate of spaghetti into the lap of a customer. 'It was an accident, but I saw the funny side and ended up crying with laughter. It was just like something out of an old movie. But the customer didn't appreciate the joke and made a complaint about me.'

In the evening and weekends Penny loves to go dancing in discos. She doesn't have any regular boyfriends so she usually goes with a couple of girls who have been friends of hers since their days at school. 'I think it is much more fun to go to a disco without a partner because you get to meet a lot of different men then. Anyway, Paul Newman might walk in,' she added with a giggle. Penny was once picked up at a disco, literally. 'I was up at the bar when a huge sailor came up to me, lifted me up and took me over to the dance floor. I felt terrified at first and then got annoyed. But he explained that he'd done it for a bet and so we had a good laugh about it after he bought me a drink.' Penny said he was just the type of fellow she goes for. 'I like a man who can take me in his arms and give me a feeling that I am protected.'

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eleven

How is it that a girl can have sex for many years – sometimes with a wide variety of partners – and yet never achieve a totally satisfying climax? This month Quest examines the far from rare phenomenon of the woman who can only attain sexual maturity with a particular partner – the man who gives her a long-awaited sexual 'breakthrough'.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Student, 19 years old, dark hair, single, town of origin Bridgwater**

This interviewee, a cheerful, extroverted girl, left school at sixteen. She recently moved away from home and now attends a secretarial college. She shares a flat with three other girls.

Quest: You say that Malcolm gave you your first orgasm, but surely he wasn't your first lover?

Student: No. I've got around quite a bit since leaving home. It was awful there – you couldn't do anything.

Quest: So you were a virgin when you started college?

Student: Sort of.

Quest: Meaning what?

Student: When I was at home, I'd played around quite a bit. You know, I'd let boys touch me up and sometimes I'd let them actually put it between my legs, but not inside me. I wasn't scared of proper sex – just of getting pregnant. Our doctor was a family friend, so I couldn't very well ask him to put me on the pill.

Quest: How did things change when you left home?

Student: The first thing I did was to go on the pill. In a funny way, I felt that gave me a sort of licence to screw around, so I suppose at first I went a bit mad. I'd felt repressed for so long that I wanted to try everything and there were plenty of guys who didn't mind showing me.

Quest: What sort of things?

Student: Oh come on! You must know in your job! The kind of things I'd read about and heard about. Stories that always ended up with the girls having mind-blowing orgasms. I wanted to make up for lost time.

Quest: So you started experimenting?

Student: Yes. I'd been at college for two or three months when I met Peter. He was four years older than me and I thought he was very sophisticated. When I look back now though and compare him to Malcolm, he was just a kid. Anyway, he had this vibrator. Apparently it was supposed to make girls go wild, but it just made me more frustrated than ever.

Quest: How did you discover the vibrator?

Student: He had it hidden under the pillow. We were quite merry. Lying on the bed

and fooling around. My dress was pulled up to my waist and the buttons were open all down the front. Peter had his hand inside my knickers and was gently stroking my pussy. I was sort of wriggling and squirming on the bed. Somehow I ended up lying across it with my head hanging over the edge so that I couldn't really see what was going on. I felt him briefly move away and then I jumped because he was rubbing something between my legs. I didn't realise what it was at first, but then I heard this humming sound and saw him looking down on me, half-laughing.

Quest: Did all this turn you on?

Student: I thought it was going to blow my mind. He was playing with my boobs at the same time and really making me feel sexy. The feelings got better and better and I thought I was going to burst, but I just couldn't come. It was very frustrating.

Quest: Did you let Peter know all this?

Student: Oh no! I didn't have the nerve to tell him that although what he was doing was nice, it wasn't making me come. I didn't want to make him feel bad. I'd slept with quite a few guys by this time, so I was pretty good at faking it.

Quest: You mean pretending you'd had an orgasm?

Student: Yes. It's a myth that men can tell if you've come or not.

Quest: Why did you feel you had to pretend?

Student: Well men expect it, don't they? Anyway, I didn't want them to know. I suppose I felt it was my fault. I was beginning to think I must be frigid.

Quest: So what changed all this?

Student: Not what! Who!

Quest: Sorry, *who* changed all this?

Student: Malcolm of course. Now I realise what had been going on before I met him. I was going out with very immature men.

Quest: Malcolm being the opposite?

Student: That's right. Older men really are much better – more experienced. He's twenty years older than me, you see.

Quest: And married, I believe?

Student: Well yes, but I'm no threat to his marriage. I don't want to marry him or anything like that. The relationship I have with Malcolm is a purely sexual one.

Quest: You find that completely fulfilling?

Student: Yes. Truly. I knew right from the very start that he was married. In fact, if he hadn't been married, we'd never have met in the first place.

Quest: How so?

Student: I used to babysit for him and his wife. There was this ad for a babysitter in my local newsagent's window. I'd fallen a bit behind with my college work, what with my mad socialising, so I thought if I did some babysitting I could earn a few pounds and catch up with my work at the same time.

Quest: Who interviewed you for the job?

Student: Malcolm's wife. She seemed to think I was a responsible person so I began to sit for them once or twice a week.

Quest: When did you first meet Malcolm?

Student: I'm not conscious of ever actually formally meeting him. He was just *there*, if you know what I mean. He never seemed to pay me much attention at first though.

Quest: Did you fancy him?

Student: A bit, I suppose.

Quest: Did you let him know this?

Student: In a way.

Quest: How?

Student: I guess I'd flirt a little with him. Then after a while he began to flirt back. He'd tell me how nice I looked and things like that. When he drove me back home at night, I'd always let myself show just a bit too much leg when I was getting in and out of the car. This went on for about six months. He never actually came out and said he fancied me, but I knew he did.

Quest: When did he respond to your advances?

Student: It was almost a year ago now. He was taking me home one night. I'd begun to be just a bit annoyed with him for not doing something when I was trying to vamp him. I mean before I'd met him, all I had to do was bat my eyelids in the general direction of anyone I fancied and have them come running. Malcolm was always so confident and sure of himself – so cool if you like – that in a way I resented having some man get the better of me.

Quest: If you resented it so much why didn't you stop him?

Student: I don't know. I fancied him and I don't really have any scruples about married men, so I thought sod it. You see, by this time I didn't really care who it was, I just wanted someone to make me come.

Quest: That sounds very dramatic.

Student: Don't laugh at me. I was getting desperate.

Quest: Sorry, do go on.

Student: OK. He stopped the car and sat back in his seat just looking at me. I knew what was going to happen, but I pretended to think that there was something wrong with the car. He just smiled and pulled me towards him. We started kissing, very slowly at first, and his hand went straight to my pussy. I was wearing jeans and the denim was rubbing between my legs, I began to feel myself getting wet. It felt very naughty to be sitting necking in a car with somebody's husband. Then suddenly he pulled away. He's told me since that he felt guilty; you see, he doesn't make a habit of being unfaithful. In fact, I'm only the second in nearly eight years. Anyway he pulled away and started the car. I was furious! It's a real blow to your ego to have some guy turn you down, and yet at the same time I was intrigued, determined to get him in the end.

Quest: And how did you go about it?

Student: I started wearing really sexy clothes. Instead of going over there straight from college I would go back to the flat and spend ages getting ready.

Quest: Did that have the desired effect?

Student: He noticed alright, but Barbara, that's his wife, started running me home in the evening. She didn't suspect anything; he just avoided being alone with me.

Quest: Perhaps he didn't trust himself.

Student: I think that was it. This went on for a few weeks then one Friday night they asked me to babysit while they went to a party a few miles away. I bathed the kids and put them to bed, and then settled down to do some work. At about half past ten Malcolm came back. I was really surprised because they had said they would be late. He mumbled something about having a headache and going to bed. He said that Barbara would run me home later when the party was over. I tried to go back to work, but I couldn't concentrate knowing that he was upstairs. Just as I started putting my books away he called down and asked me to bring him up a cup of coffee.

Quest: Did you suspect that he was trying to get you upstairs?

Student: No. It seemed a perfectly normal request. I made the coffee and went upstairs. The bedroom door was closed – it seems funny now looking back – I knocked on the door and he told me to come in. It was all so formal and proper. He was sitting up in bed and obviously had nothing on. Just a sheet pulled up to his waist. I put the coffee on the table by the bed and made to go. I was praying that he would make some excuse for me to stay.

Quest: And did he?

Student: Yes.

Quest: What did he say?

Student: He made a feeble apology for what had happened in the car. I said that it was OK and that he wasn't to bother about it. He then said something like, 'Oh, you didn't really mind then?' That left me facing two choices. I either had to say I *did* really mind him making a pass, or I didn't.

Quest: And?

Student: Well I've told you I fancied him, so it must be pretty obvious what I replied.

Quest: What was Malcolm's reaction?

Student: He sort of smiled and asked me to come and sit beside him. I perched myself on the edge of the bed. The whole atmosphere was incredibly tense. Looking back, I think both of us were a bit scared of making the first move.

Quest: So how was the ice broken?

Student: It was quite funny actually. I told you he just had a sheet pulled over him. Well, I began noticing a little movement . . .

Quest: He'd become sexually aroused?

Student: I couldn't ignore it, so I just stroked it through the sheet. He sort of smiled and lay back and I slipped my hand under the sheet and made contact, so to speak. I was half-lying on the bed by this time, so he pulled me up so I was lying next to him. Of course this made my skirt ride up, providing him with a good look at the rather brief panties I was wearing. I think by this stage we were really both too turned on for prolonged foreplay. He had a hand down inside my panties playing with my pussy and that made me desperate to have him inside me. He rolled me over on my back and without even pulling my panties down, he just pulled them to one side a bit and slid himself in. It was amazing. Even though he was so turned on – or maybe I should say *appeared* so turned on – his control was something I'd never experienced before. Long, slow easy strokes. He just went on and on. Then he started to get faster and harder.

Quest: Was this having an effect on you?

Student: I should say so! I'd never ever felt

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anything like I felt at that moment.
Quest: You achieved an orgasm?
Student: Yes. I can't describe it. It was like lightning inside my head and an earthquake inside my pussy. It was too fantastic.
Quest: On reflection, why do you think Malcolm made you come when so many others had failed?
Student: A number of reasons probably. I suppose, because I knew him pretty well, there were none of the 'first night nerves' I sometimes got – I was both relaxed and turned-on with him. And he was very experienced and knew what he was doing.
Quest: And the relationship continues?
Student: Yes, but as I said earlier, it's purely sexual. We have very little else in common. I suppose when I meet someone who's as good in bed as Malcolm and shares a lot with me out of bed I'll have found what I'm really looking for.
Quest: Thank you.

Two **Graduate student, 34 years old, town of origin Newcastle**
This – male – interviewee had worked in industry at managerial level before returning to university to take a higher degree in his own subject of sociology. Divorced, he was currently waiting to take up a job in social work.
Quest: Did you find that going back to university among young people gave you any sexual advantage?
Student: As the older, more mature man, you mean? Yes, it did. I was fairly recently divorced then – and I'm sure that news got around. In fact, though, I tended to have my social life with the mature students – graduates, like myself – we seemed to be a small, select band. The romantic contact, if you like, with younger students came through tuition I gave – I used to supplement my grant by teaching; most of us did.
Quest: And you met young, attractive female students that way?
Student: And young, unattractive ones! But there were some very interesting young ladies, yes. It was a good experience for me. My wife was a year older than me – we'd been married eleven years and I hadn't really strayed in that time; just a one-night stand, I think. My sex life needed a big breath of fresh air.
Quest: How windy did it get?
Student: Breezy enough for me – I think I slept with four girls in two years – only two of those were actually my students. I wasn't in the habit of ripping off their clothes as soon as my tutorials began! But in fact it was quite easy to take advantage – that's not boasting; male colleagues of mine, the ones who were reasonably presentable, found it the same. Some girls I wouldn't see alone.
Quest: Did you encourage them?
Student: I didn't think so. I always tried to be informal and friendly. But there were two types who were always difficult: one was the daughter in search of a father substitute – she'd usually worked out it was time for an older man. The other was the love-lorn confessor. She'd ask me for advice, usually some fairly innocuous problem in her social life, and then this long revelation would begin, generally involving sex. I was amazed at the kind of detail they came out with. How a boyfriend was too rough with their clitoris, how they'd get so far with their orgasms and then no further.
Quest: All specifically sexual problems?
Student: Mostly. Either I don't turn on my boyfriend because my tits are too small, my bum is too big et cetera, or I can't have an orgasm. That was probably the most common.
Quest: How did you react to that?
Student: The first time it happened was my first young affair. That was extraordinary.
Quest: In what way?
Student: Her name was Erica; she was very attractive, very sexy though I wouldn't have called her pretty. She just struck me as very aware that she was a girl and very capable of behaving as such, sexually. But I couldn't tell how experienced she actually was – in fact she gave the impression of knowing a lot more than she did. I was attracted to her at once; and I know it was mutual, though I knew fairly early on, too, that she was having quite an intense relationship with another student.
Quest: How soon did you talk about sex?
Student: The very first tutorial; Erica was with two other girls in fact. I forget how it came up. It was some chance remark about young men being more eager than they were skilful in making love. The other girls laughed and Erica did too but she made some glum remark like, 'You don't have to tell me!' and looked at me very meaningfully. The next time she came she was alone and a bit quiet so I asked if she was having boyfriend trouble and it all came out.
Quest: How soon did you realise you were going to bed with her?
Student: About thirty seconds after meeting her. Seriously. Unless something dreadful happened or made it impossible; I knew I wanted her and that she was interested. I was looking forward to having a tutorial with her, though in fact I expected one other girl to turn up who never made it. In the end we hardly mentioned Erica's essay at all. She began quite circumspectly, almost apologetically – things were just difficult, she said. We had some sherry and she started to become more personal; her lover – she made it clear they were sleeping together – just didn't seem to understand her, she said.
Quest: Did you take her seriously?
Student: Up to a point. I believed she did have a problem but we were also both aware she was flirting. She was sitting opposite me, quite close, with her legs crossed under her skirt and it was obvious she knew she had nice legs – marvellous legs, in fact – and that I was noticing them. But I think we were still feeling each other out. I could see that half the reason for this conversation was that she could be openly sexy with me; she had a perfect excuse. And it *was* very erotic. I realised at one point I was staring straight at her panties and started feeling quite excited. By then we were getting quite close to home. She said, 'My boyfriend doesn't seem to want to *touch* me, not where I like it.' So I said, 'You mean your clitoris?' And for the first time she blushed scarlet. She said, 'I get excited but it doesn't seem to go anywhere and he gets very upset if I try to tell him. It's not as if I don't care for him, but we just don't seem suited. I don't think he's mature enough.'
Quest: What was the atmosphere like?
Student: Sweaty, to be honest. I could feel my heart thumping; it was a kind of sexual dare game. I was waiting for her to blush and back down, she was doing the same, but neither of us would. And if we didn't we'd end up screwing on the floor.
Quest: Did you?
Student: I was saying, 'It sounds as if your boyfriend could do with some help.' She laughed and said, 'It's a pity you can't see him at it; perhaps we ought to put on a show for you.' And for one explosive moment I could see she half meant it – it was such an incredible thought I could feel my erection growing. And at that moment someone knocked on the door. I didn't answer for a minute; I was too thrown. Then a voice – it was a friend of mine – called out, 'Are you still there, Mick?' I got up, without saying anything, and my friend outside murmured, 'Blast!' and we heard his footsteps moving away. If he'd bothered to try the door it would have been the end.
Quest: But it wasn't?
Student: I was standing just beyond her chair and she'd got up behind me. I didn't realise until I turned and found myself about three inches away from her. It was obvious she was nervous but she also wanted me to kiss her. I could smell her hair – it was shoulder-length, naturally wavy, a really lustrous brunette. I could see her breasts heaving under this pale blue jersey and I knew if something didn't happen we'd both explode. I could feel my cock straining in my trousers – it must have been so visible, but I didn't care. I don't think I've ever felt so overwhelmingly randy before or since. I lifted my hand and rested it on her breast. She shivered but she didn't move; she was looking straight into my face. I said, 'If we start this I'm not going to stop.' She said, 'It's alright; I had a coil fitted during the vacation.' Which wasn't what I'd been asking – but it made it absolutely clear that we were going to screw. So I pressed my other hand against her skirt, just below her waist, and said, 'Is this where your boyfriend won't touch you?' She didn't say anything, so I dropped my hand, slipped it under her skirt and drew it slowly up underneath until I was touching the front of her panties. She was very hot and quite damp. She said, 'What about the door?' So I grabbed her hand and pulled her with me towards it and slipped the lock down.
Quest: You were still convinced this was what she wanted?
Student: Yes. It felt unreal but it was also the most highly charged relationship I've ever had. I'd even half thought about the door but somehow I'd never worried that anyone could come through.
Quest: Go on.

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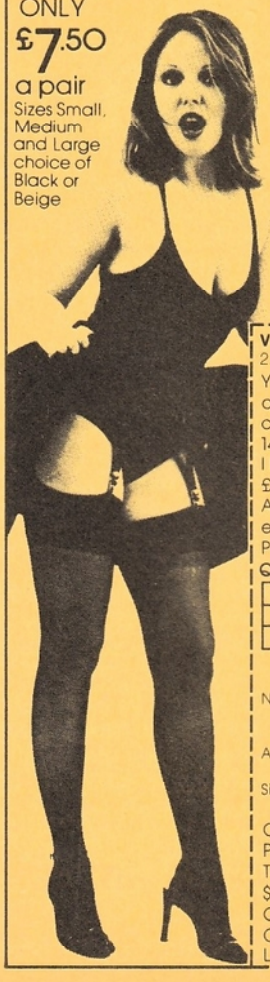

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Student: I pulled back from the door and she was standing beside the wall, so I eased her gently back against it – she was still staring at me fixedly. I said, 'Would you like me to touch you where your boyfriend won't?' She gave a very slight nod. I took hold of either side of her skirt and lifted it up to her waist. Then I knelt down so that my head was level with her thighs and very very gently started to ease her panties over them. Wisps of pubic hair began to show and I realised she was very bushy down there. She whispered, 'Don't, please . . .' Then her panties were over her thighs and her pubes were exposed. Whatever her boyfriend was like she was obviously quite capable of being properly excited. I pushed her knickers down onto one ankle, lifting her foot through it. Then I drew my little finger very slowly through her pubic hair, teasing the length of her slit and just brushing her clitoris. She gasped and clutched my shoulders and began to whisper, 'Oh my God, oh my God; that's beautiful.' I leant forward, stuck out my tongue and slowly licked round the area of her hair. Her fingers were biting into my shoulders and her body was jerking in little spasms. I licked round her again and then very quickly darted my tongue onto her clitoris. I licked her again, probing and pushing with my fingers until she was sobbing and crying and started to slip down the wall. It was all a bit awkward; I had to catch her under the arms – she was practically collapsing. We ended up on the floor, her on the floor with her legs spread wide apart and me working between them while she heaved her body and bit at her hand. Suddenly she tried to sit up and cried out: 'Oh we must do it, oh please, please do it to me.' Then I touched her again and she shuddered and called out: 'Oh God, what's happening? Oh I can't stop, I can't stop!' By now I had my fingers working like a piston. And she suddenly went rigid, gave a fierce gasp then a sigh and fell dead away.

Quest: Her first orgasm?

Student: So she told me, and I believe her. It was a couple of minutes before she recovered; I just lay beside her on the floor, holding her. And when she woke she hugged me and whispered, 'I didn't realise; I never knew. It was so beautiful.' And she wanted us to do it again, properly, with me inside her. Which suited me fine, but I'd sobered a little, sexually, since starting and I realised I'd only borrowed the room for another five or ten minutes – and the fellow whose room it was wouldn't be too happy about a locked door. I wanted to see her later but she was going to some play with her boyfriend. In the end she turned up at my flat at about eleven thirty, having persuaded her bloke she wasn't feeling too well. We went straight into the bedroom. She told me: 'I feel so guilty; but I didn't hear a word of the play; I just sat there getting wetter thinking of what we'd done. I don't think I've got any morals at all.' By then, of course, I was practically screaming for it. We tore off each others' clothes and I had her over the edge of the bed. After that we were going to the early hours, and again in the morning. I think I made up for my eleven lost years overnight.

Quest: But the relationship didn't last?

Student: It got very fraught. She was genuinely in love with her student boyfriend; we tried to normalise things more but we always ended up in bed screwing each other stupid. She always felt guilty. It was a kind of mutual infatuation; in the end we just had to break it off, it was all getting too much. But I still think of Erica – the other affairs were a bit more mechanical. At least I gave her one important 'first'.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Housewife, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Belfast**

This interviewee left school at sixteen and worked as a shop assistant. She married at eighteen and currently lives with her husband and two young children.

Quest: Did you enjoy an active sex life before you married?

Housewife: I'd slept with boys for sure, but I wasn't promiscuous. I wasn't an easy lay and I wouldn't consider myself experienced, not by the standards which come over from other girls you read about in your magazine.

Quest: How many men had you been to bed with before you met Paul?

Housewife: Three or four, but nothing good ever came of them.

Quest: Why was that?

Housewife: I got very little out of it.

Quest: You mean you didn't orgasm?

Housewife: Not until after I was married did I have what I'd call a truly fulfilling climax. But I feel very guilty about it.

Quest: Why?

Housewife: Because I was unfaithful.

Quest: Why do you suppose you never orgasmed until you took a lover?

Housewife: I don't honestly know. It might be that I'm one of those people you read about who has a low sexual appetite.

Quest: Because these early affairs didn't prove fulfilling, could you have just been conditioned into not expecting much?

Housewife: Yes, I believe that was probably the case. If you've never known anything else you accept what you have as the norm.

Quest: Did you have regular sex with your fiancé?

Housewife: We went out together for a year before we became engaged and we used to make love, if not whenever the opportunity arose, then at least perhaps once or twice a month.

Quest: How was he in bed?

Housewife: It was unfair to judge him on those days. We grew very close, and I loved him very much.

Quest: Do you love him now?

Housewife: I didn't mean it to sound like that. Of course I love him now, more deeply – but I believe love is a continually changing thing. It's not the same sort of love I felt for him when we were first married: not an – how shall I put it? – sexually consuming love like at first.

Quest: Why was it unfair to judge him on your pre-marital unions?

Housewife: For the very simple reason that

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we both lived with our parents and were both quite young: we were both 18. Having sex under those circumstances is a worry and that doesn't make for full enjoyment.

Quest: Why not?

Housewife: I don't know about you, but it just doesn't: you're always worried about being found out, of someone coming in if you're doing it while your parents are supposedly out. And the sheer difficulty in doing it in the car. Paul was on at me quite a lot to go out into the country and do things in the open at night. But I was so anxious over that. You hear so many stories about peeping toms, police, everybody – besides, I'm just not that adventurous: I'd like to be, but I'm not.

Quest: And after your marriage?

Housewife: I thought it was fantastic for the first year. We made love constantly, four or five times a week. Paul always wanted to take me, as soon as we'd both got in from work: in the middle of the afternoon, first thing in the morning. I used to think he was a bit perverted, but now I realise it was me. I do have a low sex drive.

Quest: But in none of this time did you orgasm?

Housewife: I must have. I thought I had. But Paul would usually come quite quickly – not immediately or anything, but I suppose that I really do need to be built up quite long and slowly. I can't really talk about my husband like that – it seems so heartless.

Quest: Not in the least. We've established your sexual desires; but was your husband gentle in bed? Did he try to take you slowly towards orgasm?

Housewife: Oh yes he tried and sometimes I'd become terribly excited and urge him on even more until I reached the brink, but somehow with him early in our sex lives it was never that complete letting go that I experienced with Dennis. One thing which used to put me off was the fact that Paul would want to lick me.

Quest: Your vagina?

Housewife: Yes. I realise that lots of men do do it, but I was never really comfortable; I can't really explain it.

Quest: So when did you meet Dennis?

Housewife: Dennis was a friend of Paul's and he was married. A few years ago we – both families – went on a touring holiday together to the south of France, you know. It was a camping thing and it all started there.

Quest: How so?

Housewife: Well we went to the beach one day. I knew that girls went topless there but I never had any idea that *so many* of them were bare-breasted. Paul and Dennis started on at us to join in. I felt very embarrassed because it started out as a joke and after a couple of days, the boys were taking it very seriously. Jane, that's Dennis's wife, eventually gave in and I remember sitting there on the sand watching and she just unclipped her bra and exposed her breasts. Paul's eyes nearly jumped from his head because she had a nice figure with quite small breasts but with very long nipples. My breasts are quite heavy. I wasn't an exhibitionist or anything but both the boys started kidding me and I found that I was pressured into it. I spent most of that day with my arms folded in front of me because I was so embarrassed. And I also felt terribly wicked.

Quest: Were you unfaithful to your husband then?

Housewife: No, it wasn't until much later. We used to see quite a lot of each other and then Dennis's marriage started to fall apart. His wife had just had their first child and *he* was suffering from depression. Evidently things weren't going right at the office either, and because I used to listen to him I found that he was often coming around to talk when Paul was away or out on business. I told him not to, but it didn't seem to sink in; I was worried about the neighbours. Then one night he came round with a bottle after drinking a bit and told me that he was going to leave Jane.

Quest: How did you react?

Housewife: With a mixture of fascination and surprise. I felt flattered that he was confiding it to me, but at the same time I was a bit uneasy. We went into the living room and I brought out a couple of glasses and we sat down. I was on the sofa, Dennis was on the chair next to me and we just talked for a while and he poured out all his troubles – about how Jane had gone off sex. I kept telling him that he shouldn't really be telling me all this and I began to feel *decidedly* uneasy.

Quest: But you made no effort to terminate the evening?

Housewife: I was also intrigued. I wanted to find out about it. The conversation was quite – what's the word, risky? –

Quest: Risqué.

Housewife: . . . I'd never had an intimate conversation with another man apart from my husband. I began to feel fruity.

Quest: Who took the initiative?

Housewife: Dennis did. He came and sat next to me on the sofa. We just talked and gradually the subject changed from sex and we began to giggle and laugh, but I couldn't help thinking why he was leaving his wife. I thought perhaps that he was very randy in bed and that perhaps she had a low sexual desire like me. I began to fantasise. Silly of me, I know, but I was a bit tiddly, and then I started to get a deep longing and tingling in my vagina and I realised that for once, just once it might be fun to fool around – not go all the way mind you. But I'm a very faithful person and I would never try to seduce a man.

Quest: So what happened?

Housewife: Dennis started to tell me how pretty I was. My heart began to beat faster and faster and I felt my vagina start to throb gently. I wanted to tell him to go – I *knew* I should tell him – but I couldn't. Then he mentioned that I had a lovely figure and the conversation was back to sex. He told me that he had masturbated while thinking of me bare-breasted on the beach. I found that very erotic, and while I was trying to think of something to say, I felt his arm go round me and we were kissing. Instead of breaking away from him I started to respond and gently eased my tongue into his mouth. My heart was beating like a bass drum and I could feel the adrenalin pounding through my veins; I wanted him to take me. I hadn't felt like that with my husband for months.

Quest: Please go on.

Housewife: I had on a skirt, knicks, and a blouse and bra on top. He moved his arms round from my back and started to massage my breasts. 'Come on,' I said, and I got up and led him by the hand upstairs. He had an erection. We flopped on the bed and started kissing again and he had my bra undone and blouse off in no time. I felt very wicked just lying there with my husband's best friend licking and sucking my nipples. I wanted to feel him so much that I moved my hand down and rubbed him through his trousers. It seemed very big. I leaned up and undid his zip and got it out. I wanted to feel it inside me, but Dennis eased me back on the bed and helped me wriggle out of the rest of my clothes and then stood back and undressed himself. When he came on top of me, he didn't enter me straight away but started to lick and suck at my nipples which were aching and aching. I started fondling his penis and running my hand up and down the shaft, but I just lost all control when he started kissing my breasts, then on my tummy and gradually easing his head between my legs. I'd never had that before. I asked him not to, but he took no notice and kept on. I was gone and started to moan. And this warm feeling started to build up in my stomach and gradually spread over me. I'd never felt like it. Then, just as I started to get worked up, he stopped and entered me. It felt searing as it parted me and I thought I'd die. I can't really describe it now. Every time he pounded into me my breath just disappeared and I found that once again – like with Paul, before you know – I was gripping him with my legs so fiercely, trying to get every centimetre of it inside me. I even started talking to him – telling him to do me: I'd never do that with Paul. And the feelings started to swell again and I started going ga-ga and it just built and built from the inside and I lost all coordination for a few seconds: when I regained control I was all sweaty and I felt this warm gush inside me as Dennis came, and came. We just went to sleep after that and made love again when we awoke.

Quest: And this was your first orgasm?

Housewife: It was the first time I had experienced those feelings so deeply – so intensely.

Quest: Did you continue to see Dennis?

Housewife: He got back with Jane shortly after. We've made love twice since and each time it's been the same.

Quest: Does he know he gave you your first orgasm?

Housewife: Oh good heavens no. I couldn't be that cruel to Paul.

Quest: Will you cheat on him again. Having now experienced orgasm?

Housewife: God, no. I never intended to in the first place: it just happened. If I did it would be with Dennis, I'd never go looking for sex.

Quest: Thank you.

An academic pursuit

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seemed right, slid my middle finger in beside it.

'Mike, you're hurting'.

I really was up against physical virginity. Nothing had ever been where my fingers were.

'Hurting a lot?'

'Only a little'.

'I know what the trouble is'.

'Do you?'

'Yes, your virginity'.

'Yes'.

'We'll have to do something about that, soon'.

'Yes'.

I kept my fingers working, either inside the muscle or on her clitty, out then in again, bringing her to the beginning of climax though well clear of the actual peak, feeling her getting wetter and wetter as she fought within herself to overcome the forces awakening between her thighs.

At last I removed my hand, while moisture continued to bubble through the front of her briefs. 'I think we should stop now, don't you?' I said. 'Only you mustn't try to fight it like this. You must start living sometime'.

'I know. I want to, really. Only I must think about it more, first. Supposing we'd done it just now by accident and afterwards I realised it wasn't what I'd wanted'.

There seemed no point going on, so I took her back. 'Thank you,' she said as we kissed goodnight 'for being so understanding with me'.

Next morning I was trying to work when the opposition paid me a call. I had to piece it together before I recognised it. The peremptory knock, the horrible magenta scarf, the scholar's gown: Jenny's escort at the Jacobean that night.

'Dr Fenton?'

'Yes', I replied untruthfully.

'I want to speak to you about Miss Lewis, in fact I insist'.

'Do I know her?' I asked vaguely.

'Of course you do, so please stop pretending. Look, I don't want to discuss her on your doorstep . . .'

'Then please come in and have a seat'. I waved him to the settee.

'I've come to ask you, seriously, to keep off the grass where Jenny is concerned. You are not to see her and she is not to see you. Understood?'

He had his little speech off pat – he'd probably been saying it to himself all the way to my room. I leaned back in my chair as if weighing him up. 'Are you engaged to her?' I asked.

'No. Why should I be, what difference does that make?'

'Because until Jenny is engaged to one of us, neither of us has the right to dictate what she can or can't do. Count me out of getting engaged; I've a wife still living, somewhere on this earth. So that leaves a unilateral block on me seeing her whether she wants me to or not, according to you. Now is that reasonable?'

The boy had come round expecting me to crumble and when I didn't, it clearly had him bothered. A quiver came into his voice.

'It's reasonable, because she's much too innocent. You're sophisticated and . . .'

'Worldly-wise?' I suggested.

'Yes. And it's all wrong. That's what I believe. It's for her honour'.

'What are you talking about?'

'The Spanish code of honour. I wouldn't touch a woman's virginity'.

'Well, unless you are Spanish, which you obviously aren't, stop talking rubbish and listen. You want to hump her and haven't managed to get her in bed yet, so you're trying to frighten me off in case I get there first. If that's it, then admit it and stop playing games'.

The boy was white and trembling. He left without a word.

When I knocked on Jenny's door soon after three next afternoon, it was with the same feeling I had when I went to the dentist's: anticipation topped up with something unknown. Jenny was wearing a pink dress and looking very summer-dayish. She gave me a kiss. 'Hello,' she said. 'I've been making my mind up'.

'And have you?'

'It's "yes". But not here, in this room. I couldn't. And not in daylight'.

'Any objection to my room?'

'No, none'.

'I'll be there'.

I kissed her and left her, wondering what there could be in a girl's make-up that made it wrong to lose her virginity in the heat of the moment, but right to make up her mind to lose it a day later.

The precautions were clearly going to be up to me so on the way back I called in at a pub that I knew had a slot machine in the gents'. The motto on the packet said 'Safe and simple'.

I arrived back at my room and hadn't been there long when there came a tap on the door. There she was.

'I decided the daylight wasn't so important after all,' she said with a disarming little smile.

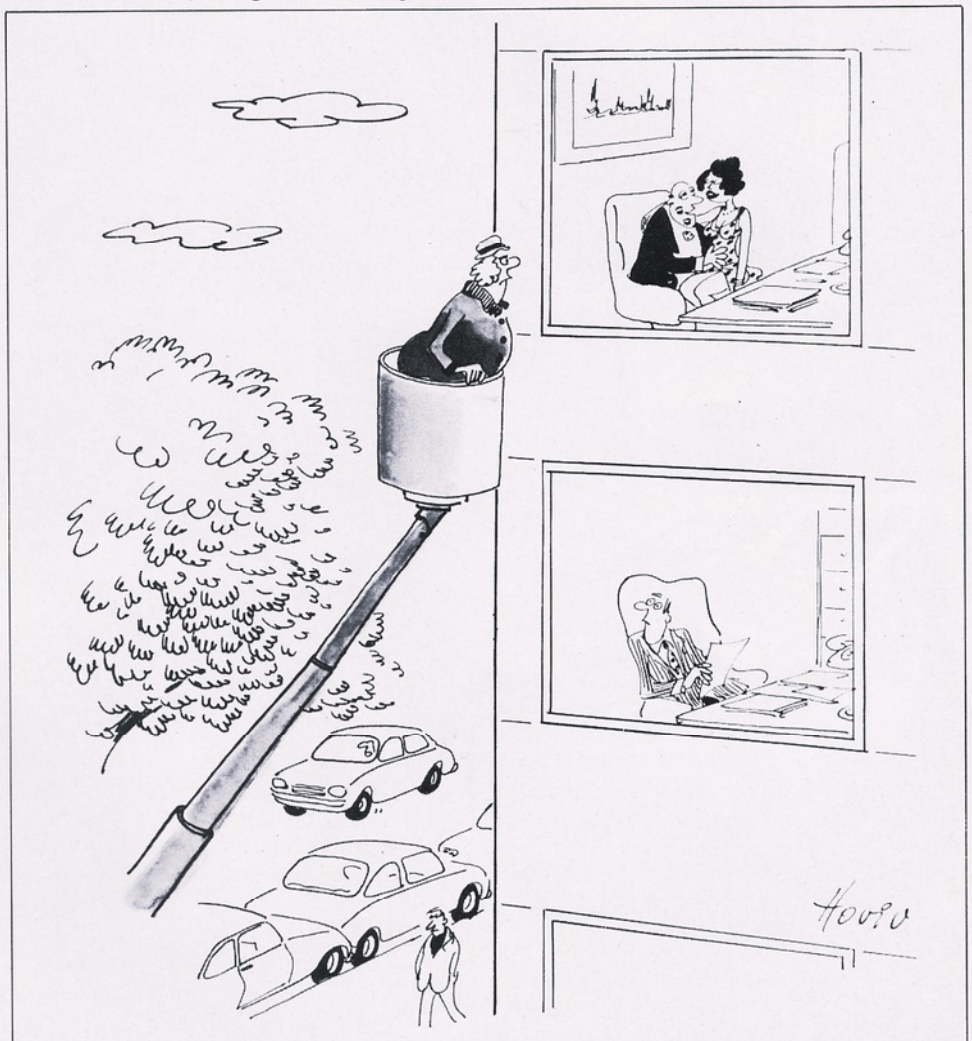
I put my hands on her shoulders. 'You don't have to, unless you really want'.

'I do really want, so stop talking and kiss me'.

I steered her into the bedroom, which I'd tidied up, and locked the door. Holding Jenny very tight, I undid her bra and massaged her breasts, then pulled her dress over her head and off. I was going to have her. 'Close your eyes,' I whispered, not because I'm embarrassed at getting undressed in front of a woman but because of her possible reaction to her first sight of a rampant penis, looking all the more enormous with a durex on. I got my clothes off as quickly as possible. Jenny stood, eyes closed, waiting.

I took her pants down, but left her stockings and suspender belt on, and pulled her gently on to the bed. She was wet already

turn to page 104



'My wife is very jealous . . .'

SANDRA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Talent and energy positively ooze from the 35-24-35 inch curves of 24-year-old Sandra Denton. Scottish-born, she has been a junior swimming champion, representing West Scotland and was in the Scottish team itself in a match against England. A budding beauty queen, she's also been in the finals of beauty contests from Camberley to Southsea.

Currently she is the managing director's secretary and resident model of a Bournemouth model agency. And when she's not at work, she's busy horse riding, admiring sports cars and visiting country pubs. 'I am a bit of an energy freak,' she admits. 'I like to be on the move and I keep trim mainly by swimming. But I'm not always running about. I really love sunbathing, and I often go to Shell Bay which is a nudist beach near here. An all-over tan makes an enormous difference.' Sandra's future? 'I want to be a glamour photographer, be happy and independent.' Char-a-banc tours to Shell Bay will be leaving from here.

An academic pursuit

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between her legs. I opened the lips with my finger and moved straight in. Fitting myself into her as far as the tight muscle, I whispered to Jenny to try and relax, and let her body admit me in its own time, opening slowly to my personal measurement.

Fraction by fraction, into the sliding, warm love-passage, to the hilt. Her face was a study in passiveness. Now I was there, I'd enjoy myself. After all, I'd waited for it long enough. Out, slowly, in, slowly. Again. Faster. Things began to happen, more quickly than they had any business to. I couldn't understand it: Jenny wasn't *doing* anything, but it was marvellous. I was going to come. I was going to come *now.* Up periscope. Shoot, shoot, shoot. If that was a real gun she'd have a shattered spine. For the last time, *shoot.* And that was it. I collapsed, sweating.

Her eyes opened and she smiled. I smiled back. Too much to hope her first time had been a good time, but I hoped I hadn't hurt her. 'How was it?' I asked.

'You make me feel very little,' Jenny said quietly. 'Little and helpless, with two big strong arms around me'.

Not to mention a big prick up your fanny, I thought, but didn't say. I kissed her lightly and got off her, deflating fast. She didn't look little, her breasts were as big as ever, and her stockinged thighs enormous. She hadn't climaxed either, but that could wait till another day, when the soreness had passed off and she could enjoy it. Time then to teach her all she needed to know to be a good lay; to do something about that blonde fuzz. With her pants down I could see how much there really was, from her sex almost to her belly-button. Time to see me with my pants off, *before,* not like now, afterlimp. I dropped the rubber into the bin beneath the washbasin and began to dress.

I let her get her clothes on. 'What would you like to do now?' I asked.

'I'd better go actually, I'd put off writing my essay till . . . till now'.

She finished dressing and turned to go. 'Will you come and see me tomorrow?'

'I'd better not, and you shouldn't come here. I'd be sure to want to make love to you and it's not good, so soon after the first time. I'll buy you something for next time'.

'What will you buy me?'

'Some black pants, tiny ones. Only virgins wear white'.

Jenny giggled. 'I shall put them on and feel very wicked. And you shall take them off'.

'You should have, long ago. It's legal at sixteen, you know, and a whole lot of fun'.

'I'll do my best to catch up'.

A final kiss and she went. I watched her walking across the court, hoping to prove what they said about girls who had just been deflowered. So many did it for themselves with candles that you didn't often get the chance to see. It was supposed to be true that the light in their eyes went out and another came on, also that they stood and walked quite differently.

But Jenny looked exactly the same.

Three days later we stood, the two of us, on a little bridge over a stream, miles from anywhere.

We hadn't spoken much since earlier that afternoon, when another thing had been explored and proved right: give a good girl a good blow-through and she becomes like all the rest. Nothing exotic. I'd just given Jenny a good hard fucking until she climaxed, crying out with the joy of it.

'Isn't it funny,' her voice broke in.

'What is?'

'How it's happened. I used to think I'd never go with a man until I was married. It was supposed to be all shocking and terrible'.

'Why is it different?'

'I don't know. I don't feel a different person. It's just that before, before going to bed and doing things, I couldn't tell what I'd feel; but now I like it'.

She likes it. Likes her nipples pinched, her clitty wakened from its slumbers, her pants pulled off – her black pants that proclaim from the clothes-line that their owner has burst her hymen. Likes *it.* I nibbled her ear-lobe.

'I've an idea,' she went on. 'About us'.

'What's that?'

'When you take me to bed, the thing you use to save me starting a baby. Can you get them easily?'

'Yes, anywhere. Why?'

'Well, if you got me some and I kept them and you came to see me and you, well, couldn't wait, then I'd always be ready.'

It sounded sense. I gave her a hug and also the remainder of the packet I'd bought the day before.

Helen was working when I got back to the flat. 'You're too late,' she said crossly.

'Late for what?'

'The film. I suppose you've forgotten the bloody film. We've missed it by a mile. Where have you been?'

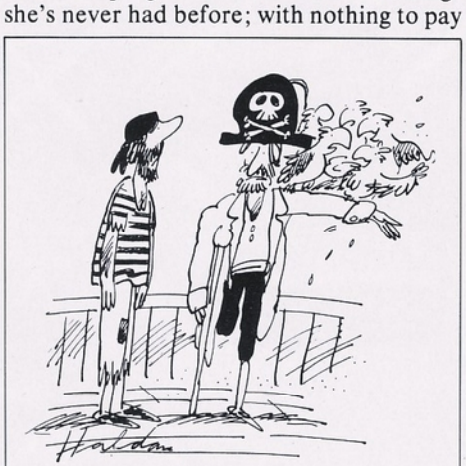
'Guess'. I didn't care for Helen being dictatorial and was getting annoyed.

'Have you been out with that blonde kid again? Don't say you've been screwing her.'

'The answer's yes and yes. What is it to you?'

'My God. Have you stopped to think what you're doing?'

'To you, nothing at all. And not a lot to her, except give her some nice feelings she's never had before; with nothing to pay except that she won't be a virgin when she marries. And that's nothing unusual; look at yourself . . .'



'It's his birthday. The least I could do was let him have a few friends round.'

Helen picked up the books she'd been using and flung them at my head. She grabbed her duffel coat and ran downstairs without another word. The front door closed behind her with a crash.

Helen hadn't returned by eleven so I went to bed.

Next day I spent the morning working, but made my mind up to go back to the flat for lunch. The milk hadn't been taken in, and I dreaded to find Helen's things gone, showing she'd gone for good. But everything was as it had been – except for Helen herself, who was still missing.

At three-ish I drove round to Jenny's but got no answer to my knock and found the door locked. I supposed her tutorial programme had been changed, came away and got on with some more work.

At eight I realised I'd spoken to no one all day, and determined to try and see Jenny before Evenlode Hall shut its gates for the night.

Lights were beginning to come on in upstairs windows, but Jenny's was still dark. I went towards the stairs, then noticed something that made me turn back, quickly. In the same moment I remembered something that I had to go and check, at once. I got back in the car.

I didn't stop at the flat, but driving slowly past I could see all I needed to. The window above the front door, the frosted window of the bathroom, was a square of light. Regular habit had proved stronger with Helen than anger – on Tuesdays she always washed her hair. The milk had been taken in.

What I had seen outside the Evenlode Hall entrance was a man's bicycle, with Truro College marks on the mudguard. Dimly I seemed to recollect seeing it there earlier. Jenny's window was still dark, but now the curtains were drawn. It all began adding up. A girl eager for sophistication, but ashamed among her own age-group to give away the full extent of her sexual inexperience and innocence; a passionate and intense young man, probably just as inexperienced hiding his lack of success behind pretences at being hung up on physical purity, which he might almost have come to believe.

But with a cynical, older man she wouldn't hold back. There would be no embarrassment with me because I wanted her for what she was, not what she pretended to be. And as for the boy, the hang-ups could all be forgotten. He wouldn't hesitate once she'd been broken in. That was my job.

I'd been a tool, in every sense. I'd even aided and abetted, believing she had had me in mind as her lover. Just now he had one of my rubbers on, screwing Jenny rigid.

It might all be guesswork, but I was certain that behind that curtain the room wasn't empty. But there was no way of proving it, and still less point. It was getting dark now, and beginning to rain. I felt it was time I went back and made my peace with Helen, so I decided not to hang about.

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LETTERS

continued from page 11

which I thought was delightful, or more pictures like the girl in the shower on the cover of Vol 14 No 1.
N Bozier, New Cross

In Vol 13 No 11 hardly a smudge in sight; in Vol 13 No 12 not a smudge in sight; in Vol 14 No 1, smudges in places, and Vol 14 No 2, smudges all over the place.
As the poses in your excellent magazine are tasteful, why bother to obliterate a vulva which peeps through its pubic hair as it is obviously meant to?
I don't think *Mayfair* readers want the type of picture published in other magazines but I for one would like to see the Phantom Fanny Fluffer in your art department sent on holiday again.
K N, Basingstoke, Hants

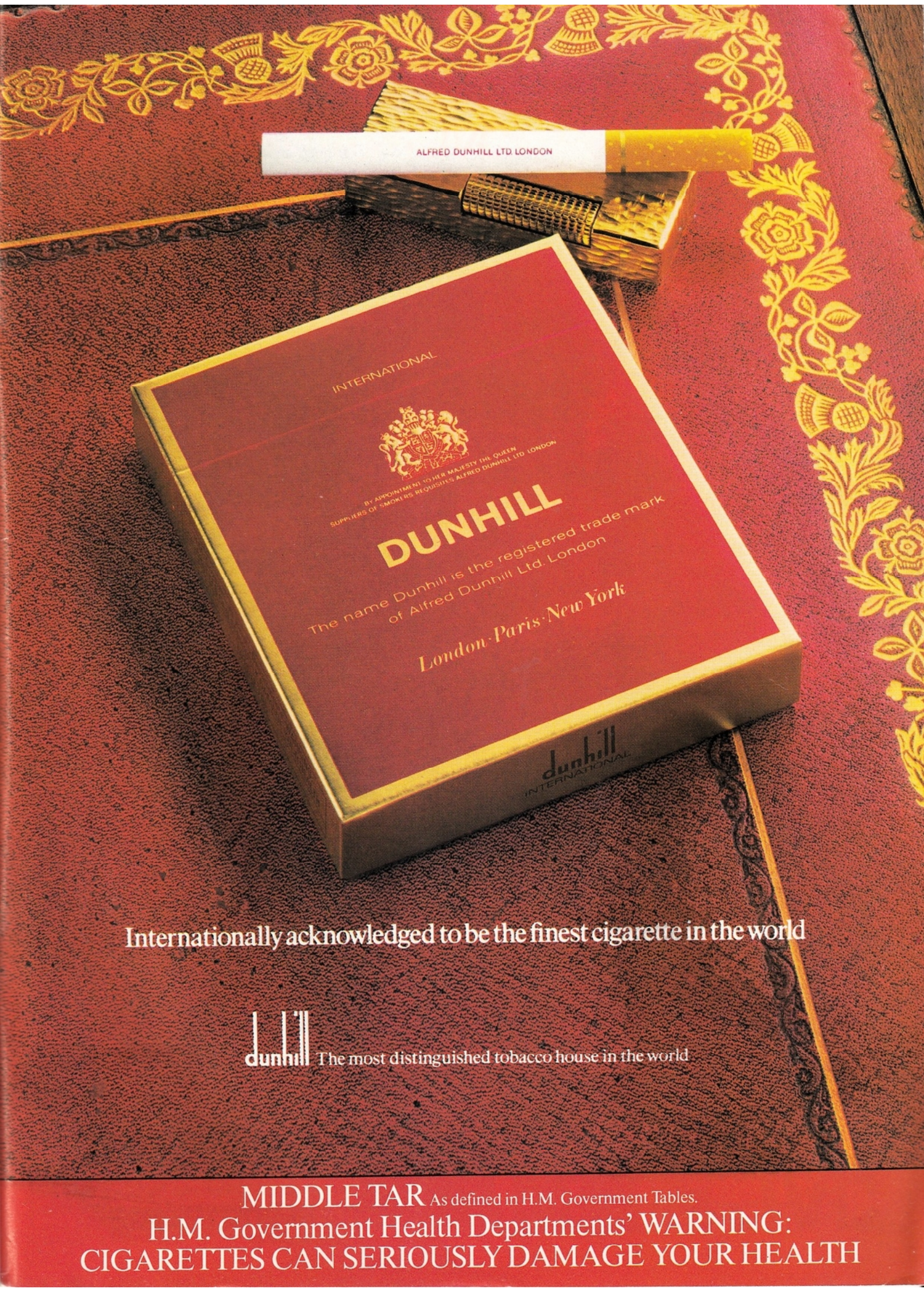
I wish to protest most strongly at your featuring Adele Bowman dressed in sado-masochistic gear. I'm a regular purchaser of *Mayfair* because, up till now, you have always published photographs of girls that have shown them as the truly splendid creatures they are.
I enjoy a style of photography that portrays woman as both a beautiful work of art and as a sex object. In other words I like a woman who looks as though she'd be good in bed and would also look good on my mantelpiece.
Unhappily in that rig-out Adele looks as though she is neither. She has a fabulous face and body, but the get-up makes her look cheap, tarty and sexless. And that rear view with the leather belt stuck between the cheeks of her arse – eugh.
Now I don't doubt that there are a lot of fellows who will become most excited over the likes of this, and I don't doubt that a lot of people will argue that *Mayfair* should cater for all tastes. Well, if that's the way that some guys get their jerks, then good luck to them. Personally I get mine by wallowing in the most beautiful photographs of unadorned naked female delicacies that I can lay my hands on.
What's more, *Mayfair* has always been a magazine for the discerning connoisseur of the female form. Long may it continue to be so. Anyone who wishes to view girls clad in such unattractive outfits can buy numerous mags devoted to such matters, so please keep such repulsive material out of *Mayfair*.
I must say, though, that I have absolutely no quarrel with the rest of the photographs in the set which showed her delightfully nude save for a pair of fishnet stockings. These really highlighted her gorgeous breasts and lovely womanly bottom. The same goes for the rest of the girls in that issue.
So please, *Mayfair*, let's have Adele back in a series of poses that do justice to her and never ever show another girl in such a horrible outfit.
F McG, Liverpool

I just had to write to thank you for the photos of Adele Bowman in Vol 14 No 4. I have read your marvellous magazine for over five years now, but this is the first time I have been moved to write. What an amazingly beautiful girl, what lovely boobs. She was photographed perfectly. specially on page 61, wow. Thanks for photographing my ideal woman.
D Benn, Jersey

I had to write about gorgeous Adele Bowman in Vol 14 No 4. She looks absolutely smashing in her PVC outfits, and a huge turn-on.
I fully agree with what she says about the feel of leather against the skin being an incredible turn-on. I've not tried PVC myself, but I do enjoy wearing leather – specially tight-fitting jock-straps.
There seem to be more firms catering for women, and they have a greater selection. I would like to see a wider range of men's gear – not just jock-straps, shorts and vests, but straps, full length fully fitted suits etc, in rubber, leather, PVC, nylon, denim, satin, velvet.
I would also like to see more photo sets like Adele's please.
A Smith, Hull

I recently visited the UK and was more than pleased to sample a copy of *Mayfair*. I bought Vol 14 No 3. Here in New Zealand we have fairly strict laws concerning 'girlie magazines' so to be able to

turn to page 108



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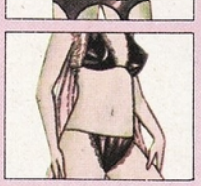

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LETTERS

continued from page 106

gaze upon the delights of Anne and Lilias was a rare treat.

I like bottoms, and in particular bottoms which are covered by nice panties and for preference, panties and suspenders.

My own wife is very sexy in this area as she has a 36–24–39 figure – thus a large bottom. I find it very exciting when she shows this off to me clad in a bikini brief.

I am, however, at a loss as to what to do with a wife who will not wear stockings and suspender belts.

As a teacher, I do have a rather nice leather strap, and I would love to have my wife dress in stockings and suspender belt and chastise me for doing wrong, but she feels that this is degrading and will not do it – even though I have been very naughty to her. Any suggestions?

D R, New Zealand

I am a very attractive 26 year old woman; I am tall, slim, and am often said to be elegant, though I have small titties but with a gorgeous pair of nipples. I read *Mayfair* and have done so for a number of years, though I've never until now had the inclination to write to you.

I was married to an Italian for some years: he read your magazine every month, so much so that in bed he only had the energy to close his eyes.

I told my girlfriend of our difficulties and she suggested I should go out with her and her friends to cheer myself up. So I did, twice a week – sometimes three times – from then on. After a few months I discovered that my new friends were gay and that I liked one of them very much. In time this girl and I stopped going out with the others and went out together. She wasn't at all interested in me sexually at first – or at least she hid it really well. I suppose that's how I never suspected.

One night, however, after our evening out I asked her in. After a while I began to feel quite smashed and we began kissing. My breath was heavier and she began to undress me. I was stoned and in a world of fantasies. I remember fireworks – my body exploding and my orgasm being like that of lava flowing from an erupted volcano. In the morning she was beautiful – though I still didn't realise I was having an affair and the thought that my lover was a woman never occurred to me.

She nursed me so well, it was six months before she removed my panties. By now I had decided to leave my husband who had been no use to me. After a few months I moved in with my lover and as she taught me more I realised what I had been missing and for the first time I began to have fun – real fun. However, I didn't know how to tell my friend that I loved to read *Mayfair* so I would just buy it and hope for the best.

A few months went by and nothing was said – if she saw it in my bedside cabinet she didn't let on – until one day she caught me nude in the bath with my hair done up in a knot imitating a pose from one of your models. I won't go into detail about what happened that night but you can rest assured that my lover began to like *Mayfair* too.

In fact, five years later, we now buy two copies because we fight over only one.

My lover has a small string of businesses and has to go to London quite often to order stock and I always cry when I have to leave her at the airport, but to cheer me up she gives me some money to buy a *Mayfair*.

I buy the magazine from the kiosk and then go to the bar and order a brandy and American dry and sit down by the window to watch my lover's plane take-off, sob a little, and then read my magazine because I can't wait until I get home. This is where I really get my enjoyment.

You see I try to read *Mayfair* nonchalantly but I always get caught. Everywhere I go men always look but when they glimpse the cover their minds start to do somersaults. They begin to look me up and down – from my head to my legs and toes – and when I look up and smile at them they smile back and try to find the interest in my magazine by looking at the page number before buying their own copy. Sometimes the expressions on their faces tell me what thoughts they are thinking. I smile back at them again a little longer this time

turn to page 112

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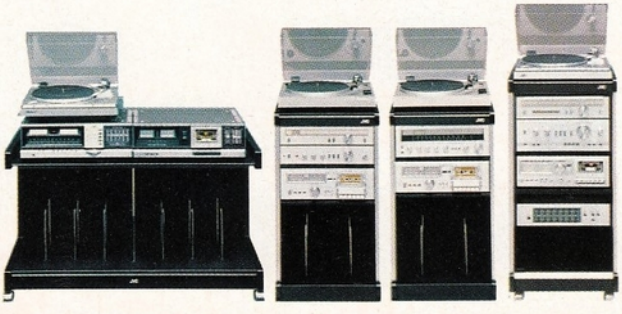

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Demonstration
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SPLAT!
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 108

for I too think the same, only I think it about my lover.
(Name and address withheld)

Mayfair has always been tops for beautiful girls and great photography. But I'm sure many readers, like myself, would like to see these lovely girls with nipples erect.
This shows the female breast to its full beauty. Frances Voy (Vol 14 No 6) has lovely shaped breasts and had her nipples been erect they would have enhanced her breasts to perfection.
The use of an ice cube, or a little tweaking by the girl should do the trick and bring the nipples proud.
R O, Sheffield

You have a couple of good points there Mr O. We feel sure that you'll find Alison's nipples (pages 28 to 33) most outstanding.

May I congratulate your photographer for the excellent Frances Voy set (Vol 14 No 6)? I believe she looked even more stunning than when she appeared in your magazine last year. How I envy her fiancé.
One small disappointment though (apart from her decision to give up nude modelling): I wish you could have printed a full page picture of her in her bra and panties.
Perhaps I should explain. I live with my parents who disapprove of nude pin-ups and so the only way I could have a picture of Frances on my wall is if she had something on. As I have to hide my *Mayfair* out of their sight I can't always look at her pretty face.
J F, London SE14

Recent correspondence tends to confirm suspicions that 'Swinging London' has finally swung. I refer particularly to Soho, whose live shows have been generally slammed by readers. The experiences of several acquaintances of mine support these findings. I have just returned from a trip down to London during which I visited Soho in the hope of finding some kind of literature concerned with my particular interest. The famous Soho was barely able to cater for me. What is the nature of this unusual and highly obscure kink that the great sex-centre of our capital couldn't oblige? Nothing other than an interest in lesbianism.
Having examined the contents of every shop I could find in the surrounding streets, and there were a great many, I found only three different magazines – one of poor quality indeed, one containing among other things one of the ugliest females I have ever seen. The third, a magazine called *Lesgirls* was quite decent. I bought two copies and have taken out a subscription but this magazine has only recently appeared. What happened previously, and is it the state of the magazine market or Soho or both?
A R, Cambridge

I enjoyed your latest issue featuring the lovely Jane Warner. I agree with the reader who wrote requesting slapstick. With so many men's books around it would be great to have something different.
I watch TISWAS on TV on Saturday mornings and enjoy the girlie pie fights.
What I'd like to see is this: girls in elegant gear – long gowns, gloves and hats pelting each other with trifles in a tea party sequence.
We have seen mud, ink, oil, pies, gravy – the lot – being tipped down ladies' outfits, but seldom do we get this sort of entertainment in magazines.
So come on *Mayfair* — we have seen your 'balloon smugglers', stripping nurses and the doctor's surgery antics – let's have a real 'do' of a custard pie fight – say in a snooty restaurant. And include in it a bird with a 40 inch bust who wears, under her evening dress, a bra with cut-outs for nipples. One of her adversaries whips off this garment, fills the cups with custard and cream and in the act of putting it back on the busty bird squirts custard all over the outfit of a watching laughing opponent. And let's see whacking great cream flans thwacked into a lady's pubic hair.
J Gardner, Dursley, Glos

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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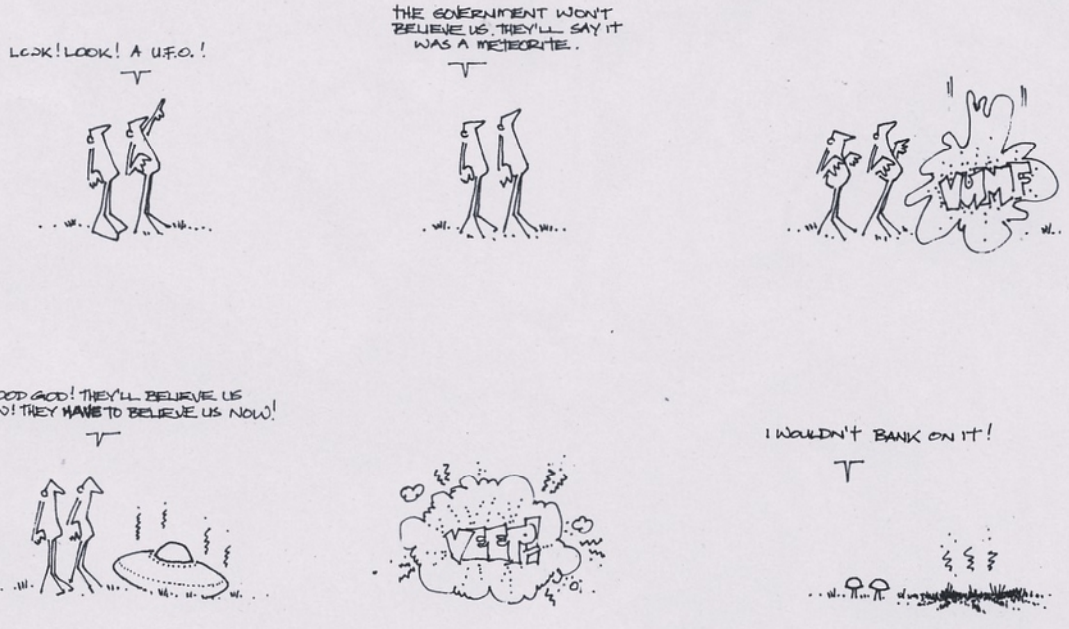

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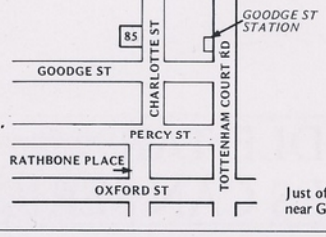

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